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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) *that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained;* (2) *that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations;* (3) *that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's;* (4) *that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor,* AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—All along the line from Flanders to Alsace there has been on both sides renewed activity, but with the exception of some slight gains by the Allies between Ypres and Dixmude and north of St. Mihiel the general situation is what it was a week ago. The difficulty of making it out is increased by the conflicting reports from Paris and Berlin. The advantage on the whole, however, seems to rest with the Allies. It is rather widely thought that their recent offensive movements have been directed mainly toward testing the strength of the German positions. These are apparently very strong in the centre. More impression has been made at the wings. There is, therefore, a growing belief that at the wings the Allies will soon begin a strong offensive. This would fall principally to the share of the British in Belgium, and would aim at the recovery of the coast. At the other end of the line it would fall to the French, who have already pushed forward both to the north and south of St. Mihiel far enough seriously to endanger the line of communications between that place and Metz. At Deuxnouds, in particular, they have forced the Germans back two miles, and a little further advance would necessitate the abandonment of St. Mihiel, which they have fought desperately for many weeks to retain. Both sides, however, are so strongly entrenched that gains must be very slow and costly. Immense sacrifices of life must be made before any general advance can be made.

Bulletin, Dec. 8, p. m.-Dec. 15, a. m.

In the east the situation is rather complicated. In East Prussia the Russians are still on the offensive from Gumbinnen to Johannisburg, but their progress is very slow. The fighting has settled down to trench warfare and has shifted its position very little during the week. In Galicia also the Russians are making efforts to press forward, and according to reports have successfully withstood a vigorous attack by the Austrians south of Cracow. They have not, however, advanced during the past eight days, and although hopeful of soon being able to begin their assault on Cracow, have not yet been able to do so. But the advantage lies with them at least in this sense that the efforts of the Austro-German armies to force them to retire from Cracow in order to save Warsaw have so far failed. After three weeks of bloody fighting the Russians are still holding their ground in Poland, and the great sacrifices of life that have been made by the Germans with the purpose of crushing the Russian centre have produced but little effect. The campaign, however, is by no means settled, and the movements that are now on foot may lead to considerable changes in the near future.

General Situation in the East

The main interest of the whole war centres about Warsaw. The Germans are striving to reach it from three directions. One German army starting from Soldau has fought its way down from the north as far as Przasnysz, and is officially reported to be in possession of the city. The capture of this city brings it to a point considerably east of Warsaw, but, of course, still

The Attack on Warsaw

much to the north. It would seem that its purpose is to pass by Novo Georgievsk and to get to the rear of the Polish capital. Its advance, however, appears to have been somewhat checked, because it is said to have been pierced in several places between Pryzasnysz and Ciechanow. The presence of this army on the right flank of the Russians is expected to prevent a recurrence of the turning movement by the Russians of the German left wing, which began at Novo Georgievsk the recent retreat from central Poland. This army is operating on the northern side of the Vistula.

Another army is trying to advance on Warsaw from the west and southwest. This army, it will be remembered, marched down from Thorn on the southern side of the river Vistula as far as Plock and then turned south and later east, breaking through the Russian centre below Lodz, and so getting to the rear of the Russians. This sensational move failed and proved very costly, for it left the Germans almost surrounded. Eventually they cut their way out by the bayonet. Having been reenforced from Wielun, and especially from Kalisz, this German army was drawn out into a jagged line, and for the past week has been making great efforts to seize Petrikau with its railroad communications, and also to advance on Warsaw from Lowicz on the west and from Lodz on the southwest. In the first attempt it has failed, but in the second it has had some success. The Russians are reported to have fallen back before it from Lodz and from Lowicz, to a position nearer the Vistula. In fact, some reports have placed the Germans within fifteen miles of Warsaw. Further south in Poland the Austrians are striving to advance on Kielce, but apparently without success; and still further south in west Galicia they have been endeavoring to outflank the extreme Russian left below Cracow. Neither has this move had any success beyond relieving the situation in Hungary; for it seems that the Russians, in order to strengthen their resistance in Galicia, have found it necessary to recall their troops from across the Carpathians.

Servia

If the reports from Servia are not exaggerated the Austrians have been driven from Belgrade. It is claimed at Nish that they have been completely routed and are in retreat, and that 28,000 of them were captured, besides many guns and stores. There has been nothing in the way of official confirmation by Vienna of the report except a very guarded statement to the effect that a partial reverse had been met with. It is certain, however, that there has been a remarkable reversal of the situation, and that the third Austrian invasion of Servia has fared no better than the other two.

Destruction of German Fleet

The German squadron, which defeated and partially destroyed the British fleet under Admiral Cradock off the coast of Chile, has in turn met with disaster. For some time it has been foreseen that its ultimate destruction was inevitable. As many as seventy cruisers have been on its trail, and if the five German cruisers had succeeded in escaping the British, in all probability they would have fallen into the hands of the combined Japanese and Australian fleets. They were overtaken by Vice-Admiral Sturdee off the Falkland Islands early on the morning of December 8, and after a long engagement the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau and Leipsic were sunk. The Nürnberg made off during the fight, but was overhauled and also sunk. The fate of the Dresden is still in doubt; it seems certain, however, that unless she is interned, she will soon be destroyed. The German losses were large, whereas the British had practically no casualties. The victory almost clears the seas of German cruisers. The Karlsruhe and several converted cruisers are still at large. In the Dardanelles the Turkish battleship Messudieh was sunk by a British submarine on December 13.

Mobilization of the Allied Forces

France.—According to a correspondent, the impression is gaining ground among the French people that Germany has shot her bolt. By reason of a superior military system, Germany was able to put large armies in the field at the outbreak of the war, thereby securing a numerical superiority. This initial advantage, in the opinion of the French leaders, is being gradually overcome. Territorial troops to the number of a million and a half have been in training for the last four months, and are now ready to take their place with the older troops. With the new contingent of 1915 brought into condition, France will soon have nearly two million fresh troops on the firing line. England is pouring hundreds of thousands of men into France, and has more than a million and a half under training. The Allies are thus increasing in strength daily, say the French. They also point out that, by calling for recruits from seventeen to twenty and from forty-five to sixty years of age, Germany shows clearly that she has reached the limits of mobilization. In spite of this reassuring view of the case, French military critics frankly admit that, since nearly two million German soldiers still occupy a number of French Departments, an early peace can not be looked for. In their opinion, the war will last much longer than optimistic Parisian editors are disposed to allow, especially since the peace that France looks for, the only peace which France with her allies will accept, is the peace that means the destruction of what in France and England is termed "Prussian militarism."

Items of Interest

Germany.—In the beginning of the week Germans were disconcerted over the reports of the serious illness of the Kaiser. As usual the first news was alarming. The dispatches named pneumonia as the disease; after a few days, however, the sickness was pronounced bronchial catarrh, and now the Emperor is declared convalescent but under obligation to remain indoors for rest. The people are as determined as ever in regard to the

war; no doubt their determination is strengthened by the boasting of their enemies, who have, in their speeches, partitioned Germany into many sections and distributed them more liberally than prudently to various nations.

During the week there was some discussion about peace through arbitration. Though the discussion was purely speculative, yet it was evident from its tenor that the United States would not be entirely acceptable to Germany as arbitrator. This attitude is due to the fact that the Germans are doubtful of our impartiality, declaring that America has been friendly to Great Britain and is therefore open to suspicion. Private letters received from Germany continue to express admiration for the manner in which the Germans are making sacrifices and for their courtesy to prisoners, especially to the wounded.

Great Britain.—The rumors of an invasion by the German forces seem to have been occasioned by the "practice mobilization" at strategic lines on the south and east coasts, conducted by the Government some weeks ago. In these localities, thousands of laborers have been digging trenches and constructing other defensive works, and the railways have been prepared to move large bodies of men and heavy guns, promptly and rapidly. It is also said that both the Government and the inhabitants of the seacoast counties are actively making ready to meet an invasion of hostile troops. General Sir Ian Hamilton is in command of the Home Army of some four hundred thousand men. Should necessity demand it, these forces could be augmented by part of the "Kitchener Army" and such colonial troops as might be in the country. In a published interview, General Baden-Powell said that he fully believed that it was Germany's intention to invade England at the first favorable occasion, attacking the northern cities rather than London. "Once let the Germans get hold of the manufacturing towns and industrial centres, factories would be ruined and the enemy could throw fourteen million people out of employment, rendering them destitute and starving. But even by a short, sharp raid, they could do a tremendous amount of damage." General Baden-Powell is not disposed to take an over-optimistic view of the war. "We receive encouraging reports that we are doing well," he remarks, "but we must remember that one side or the other must go under, and go under forever. The wind seems to be blowing in our favor at present, but there is always the unexpected to consider. The right thing to do is to smash the enemy now, and this means that every Englishman must do his part here and now."

Preparing for Invasion

Ireland.—In reply to some Irish peers, who complained that the Government was too lenient with the Irish papers that were discouraging recruiting, Lord Wimborne said Ireland was unfairly criticized in the matter, as it had always contributed to army and navy much more than its proportion. The delay in putting Home Rule on the statute book had cooled Nationalist ardor, but Mr. Redmond and the Irish Party were doing their best to kindle it. *Sein Fein* and *Irish Freedom* have been since suppressed, the circulation of *Ireland* and the *Leader*, whose cautions against disproportionate enlistment are quite legal, has been greatly hampered, adherents of the Irish Volunteers have been dropped from official positions, and warrants have been issued for the arrest of several local leaders who are suspected of pro-German proclivities. Apparently there is considerable divergence of view from that of the Nationalist dailies, which are replicas of the English press. Nationalist Volunteers have enlisted numerously in Belfast, but not many have done so elsewhere.

Repressive Measures

Having secured some satisfaction regarding Catholic chaplaincies in the Army, the *Irish Catholic* is carrying on an agitation for similar redress in the Navy, which has only one official Catholic chaplain to some two hundred Protestant chaplains. The Admiralty's reply that the sailors are free to get spiritual service when they make port is not satisfactory. It is insisted that the Catholic sailors must have service on board like the non-Catholics. While this dispute was going on the Kaiser applied to Rome for Catholic chaplains for the Irish prisoners of war in Germany. Two Irish priests, a Dominican and an Augustinian, were sent by the Holy Father.

Chaplaincies

Italy.—The officials of the country still continue in a state of agitation over the Hobeida affair, which reduced to its simplest form amounts to this, that the Turks invaded the Italian consulate of Hobeida, seized the English Consul, who had taken refuge there, and put him aboard a ship, which sailed away for a destination not yet revealed to Italy or England. Italy insists (1) that the captive must be released; (2) that reparation must be made for the outrage; (3) that Turkey must offer a formal apology; (4) that indemnity be paid for the wounding of an Italian during the scrimmage. The incident, though small in itself, can easily lead to serious consequences. Passions are running high, and many of the Italians are shouting for war. Private letters from Italy, written by persons supposedly well qualified to judge of the Government's real attitude toward the war, are contradictory. One correspondent writes that Italy is determined to remain neutral, limiting her activities to an offer for mediation, should a favorable opportunity arise. A second correspondent is equally sure that Italy will go to war in spring, and not on the side of the Allies. In view of this confusion of opinion it is obviously impossible to tell where the truth lies. On one point there seems to be agreement, to wit: the people on

Internal Affairs

the whole appear to be anti-German in sentiment. Whether this is spontaneous or factitious is not clear. However, the radical papers are losing no chance to inspire hatred for the Kaiser. *L'Asino* has printed vile cartoons linking the Kaiser with the Pope. It is to be hoped that these tactics will not embroil the already afflicted nation in new difficulties. The war has had a most serious effect on the universities and the colleges. The number of students in attendance at the Gregorian is sadly diminished and the Biblical Institute has suffered both in students and professors.

Mexico.—This affidavit is typical of others narrating the murder of priests or brothers:

A Priest's Fate

On the afternoon of June 23, at six o'clock, the Federal forces ceased to resist the Constitutionalists and by seven o'clock the Federalists had evacuated the city, and at this time too, the Constitutionalists under Villa took possession of the place. A little later a group of Constitutionalist soldiers went to the house of Inocenco Lopez Velarde, a priest of the diocese, and took him away. On the following day the Father's body was found . . . *i. e.* on June 24, in the alley of Barro, which is crossed by a stream, about one kilometer from the Father's house. The body when found was naked with the Father's cassock thrown over it. After the body had been taken to the Father's house two bullets were found on the body and also a knife wound; the corpse was put into a coffin and no priest was allowed to see it. I sent two priests to the house, but they were stopped by Constitutionalist soldiers and not allowed to enter.

Thus the priests were slaughtered by the triumphant Constitutionalists.

The following is a description of the way in which the Constitutionalists extorted money from their victims:

Extortion

At 12 o'clock, twenty-three priests being gathered at the headquarters, Colonel Beytra came and said: "General Villa asks of you 1,000,000 pesos; if this sum is not turned in by to-morrow, all of you will be shot." We answered that this was an impossible request and that we were prepared to die. At 12 o'clock that night, *i. e.* June 25, Major Villareal came and asked me: "Who is your assistant?" I answered that I had none. "Then appoint one," said the Major. I appointed one. Then the Major said: "Both of you follow me." He took us to the guard house and told us: "You are going to be shot because you will not give the money." . . . Major Villareal turned us over to five mounted soldiers who took us to a hill called *Cerro del Capulino*. . . . I was then asked "What kind of death do you prefer, to be hanged or shot?" . . . Then an officer said to one of the soldiers "Give me your rifle. How many bullets are there in it?" The soldier answered, "Two." "Well, I think two are enough," replied the officer.

The affidavit then enters into details unfit to print and proceeds to relate how, after pretending to shoot one of the Canons, the Constitutionalists sent the priests through the city to beg, several days in succession. After they had collected nearly 100,000 pesos they were submitted to indignities and then exiled. They describe their exile, in part, as follows:

From the moment we entered the coach until we reached Torreon, we were regaled with vile and filthy language and a phonograph playing *La Paloma*, etc. This coach was a very large one, having been built for military purposes: in this car, they carried the booty pillaged from houses, viz.: pianos, fine pictures, etc. . . . On the night of July 4 all the officers on the train got drunk and then insulted us with vile language, with horrible blasphemies more terrible than I had ever heard before. They ceased only when one of the officers shouted: "Shut up, lest the picture hanging here on the wall fall on me." On Sunday, July 5, we reached Torreon and were turned over to the guard of the barracks of Villa's second brigade. We were kept in the guard-house of the barracks and made to sleep on the earthen floor which was covered with vermin. There were twenty of us, Mexicans, all except one, who was a Spaniard, lying on the foul floor of this small room, about 16 by 16 feet. We were awakened during the night by some women walking over us—who had to pass through this room to get to the officers who were in an adjoining room. During the time we were in this place the soldiers never thought of giving us food, but we received both food and clothes from some people of Torreon who brought these things to us of their own accord. . . . On the following day, *i. e.* July 10, at two o'clock in the afternoon, we left for the central station, where we were shown to a second-class coach in which were fourteen Christian Brothers. I will add that two Christian Brothers had been killed in Zacatecas. I know this to be certain because while I was in prison in Zacatecas a gentleman, Ricardo Vega, told me that he, himself, had gone to remove the bodies of the Brothers and also the body of his uncle, Father Pascual Vega, who was chaplain of the college. Before leaving Zacatecas, I did not know under whose direction these men were murdered, but now, since I have come to El Paso, I have been advised by letter that the deed was done by command of General Urbina of the Constitutionalist party, who is intimately associated with General Villa.

Asked: Did these officers who exiled you from your country accuse you of anything against the laws, or of helping in any way the cause of the Federalists? Answer: We were accused of nothing. Since we are here, however, we have heard we were accused of helping the Federalists.

A few days ago the editor received this illuminating letter from Buffalo:

An Interesting Letter

Tierney:

Everybody knows that has read the Mexico news that you are talking for the Catholic Church. To-night, Riverside Court G. O. Liberty is sending check for $76.00 to Gen. Villa to help drive the Catholic Church out of Mexico. Get the *Menace* and wake up. From

A MASON, ODD FELLOW and ORANGEMAN.

Owing to the constructive mind of their leader, General Miles, now living on a pension from the United States Government, the Guardians of Liberty have begun to show some new signs of intelligence. They write their letters in red ink instead of lead pencil, as formerly, and have given over the defence of their "sacred liberties" for the extirpation of the Church in Mexico. General Miles is to be congratulated on his exalted influence and beneficent work for civilization and himself.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Christmas

OVER the whole world, with its sins and its sorrows, its treasons and its infidelities, its self-seeking and its self-indulgence, there descends each succeeding Christmas a brooding sense of well-being that is not of the world's seeking nor of the world's making, but is the pure gift of God, His reminder of the ineffable condescension and the unutterable goodness of the Incarnate Son of God. Each December, as the old year lies dying, down from heaven to earth with the Christ Child there comes unseen and unappreciated, but all pervading, the peace, the blessed, priceless peace of Christ's nativity.

The world, it is true, is no longer in any true sense a Christian world, it is out of sympathy with the doctrines and aspirations of Christ. Christmas does not mean for the majority of men what it meant for their fathers and grandfathers. To their shame, be it said, the Babe of Bethlehem awakens but a feeble response in their sense-bound, self-centred lives. The world has paganized the whole celebration of Christmas, it has thrown a veil over its supernatural character, it has not made ready for the coming of the Lord; and as far as it is concerned, the holy night will come and the holy day will go unheeded.

And yet even the cold heart of the world loses some of its chill on Christmas morning. The sunshine of the presence of Jesus thaws the world's icy rigor, and its soul comes forth from the prison of selfishness, and for a day, at least, is more like the heart of the Saviour. It has not, indeed, the fulness of the glories of God-given Christmas peace, only to men of good-will has this been promised, but it has, nevertheless, a taste of its sweetness. For the gift of peace is so bountiful that it overflows from the Church out into the four quarters of the earth. On Christmas morning Christ does not insist too literally on the meaning of good will; even in those who are not right with God. He finds something at least of what He demands. He seems to look less to men's sins than to their good deeds, less to their malice than to their frailty. And so in His great goodness He gives even to them some of the great joy that He gives to His friends. Even Christ's enemies are happier at Christmas than at any other time of the year. They are happy because all men are happy at Christmas, and all men are happy at Christmas, because Christmas is Christ's birthday and Christ is the brother of all men.

Everywhere there is joy on Christmas day. It is a time when the heart forgets its envy and kindles with kindness, when bitterness turns to ashes and the embers of charity flame forth afresh, when sympathy and gentleness and compassion soothe and chasten the spirit. The influence of Christianity is still too strong for those who would drive the Infant Jesus from the world. Even those who hate Him are better for His coming. In spite of sin and wickedness Bethlehem's cave still stirs the souls of men. And yet it is not only tidings of great joy that it tells, it has another message of great importance that it speaks to all mankind.

"God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son." Was He to allow the recollection of His gift to fade from the hearts of men? Christ's birth was one of the Father's greatest mercies. Was it to be permitted to slip from the memory except of a faithful few? Was the incarnation and nativity of the Word made Flesh so slight a thing that it might be lightly forgotten? Was Mary to be regarded merely as a Jewish woman and her Son only as a Jewish child, both beautiful, but only a woman and a child and nothing more? No, Mary was the Mother of God, and her Son was God Himself; Mary's maternity and Christ's nativity were most stupendous acts of God's bounty, acts of untold consequence to all mankind. And God has taken good care that they shall be remembered.

Christmas joy is the means God has employed to remind men that for us men and for our salvation His only Son came down from heaven, was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, in all things like unto ourselves save sin. Christmas joy is man's tribute to the new-born King, his homage to the Infant Saviour, his heart's silent protest against the forgetfulness of the mind and the blasphemy of the tongue, it is nature's thanksgiving for the Messias. Deeds speak louder than words; and so it is, that although some lips deny Him and some ears are closed to His message, all hearts proclaim Him. Christmas smiles are the reflection of the smiles of Christ, Christmas greetings are echoes of the good tidings spoken by the angels, Christmas happiness is the undying memorial written in the souls of men of Christ's birth according to the flesh. The nativity of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity in human form has been inscribed on tablets more lasting than stone; and it has been done in a way that only the infinite kindness of the all-wise God could have devised. For just as the tidings of peace to men of good-will rang through the world on the first Christmas night, so their echo rings through the world on each succeeding anniversary; and men's hearts, be they sinless or sinful, vibrate in answer to its message. Christmas joy is God's Christmas gift to the world, His reminder of the birthday of His Son.

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

A Modern Storm Centre

THE question of the union between Church and State has long been a storm centre of far more than ordinary disturbance. Few comprehend the right meaning of this term. Fewer still understand its practical application. Even intelligent and educated men, who are amused, if not positively angered, at the misconceptions and ludicrous panics to which it has given rise, are often themselves misled by false interpretations which are

palpably false. It is necessary, therefore, to begin by setting aside the wrong notions which have gathered about this idea in the popular mind and which have led to the conclusion, probably often heard by the reader, "I am opposed to Catholicism because it favors the union of Church and State."

To offset at the very outset all possible misapprehension, it may be well to premise at once that this union, as understood by the Holy See, is not an issue at all agitated or promoted on the part of Catholics, whether clerical or lay, in the United States. The confusion which exists regarding this subject is entirely due to error or else to that ceaseless propaganda of calumny carried on with wilful malice against the Catholic Church. Putting aside, therefore, this first misconception we can consider in a fairer spirit of impartiality the false ideas connected in the minds of many sincere and well-meaning men with the present subject.

The most complete and ideal union of Church and State, such as is possible in a thoroughly Catholic country, would not imply, as is commonly supposed, any elements prejudicial to democracy. There is no preference expressed by the Church for one form of government over another. Empire, monarchy, or republic, all meet with her approval, in as far as they keep in view that common good for which social authority is constituted. In his letter, *Au Milieu des Sollicitudes*, Pope Leo XIII thus defined the attitude of the Church:

> In this order of speculative ideas, Catholics, like all other citizens, are free to prefer one form of government to another, precisely because no one of these social forms is, in itself, opposed to the principles of sound reason or to the maxims of Christian doctrine. What amply justifies the wisdom of the Church is that in her relations with political powers she abstracts from the forms of government, which differentiate nations and treats with them concerning religious interests. To undertake their instruction is her supreme duty in their regard.

From this it may already be evident that union between Church and State is not rooted, as is commonly believed, in the desire of the Church to dominate the State. It is this constant suspicion which causes men to give an evil construction to every defence of the Church's inherent rights, on the part of Catholics. The doctrine of the union between the Catholic Church and civil society as the ideal condition of Christian civilization is interpreted by them as a universal ambition for political power in which the Catholics of every country are presumed to share. In the letter already quoted Pope Leo writes:

> It is maintained that the vigor of action which Catholics are taught to display in their defence of the faith has for a secret motive much less the safeguarding of their religious interests than the ambition of securing to the Church *political domination over the State*. Truly this is the revival of a very ancient calumny, as its invention must be ascribed to the first enemies of Christianity. Was it not first formulated against the adorable person of the Redeemer?

Nothing could be further from the mind of the Church and more abhorrent to her than stirring up insurrection and revolution, or even lessening by a grain in the balance the loyalty due to the State. Yet this is precisely the crime of which she is accused, in spite of her constant insistence upon obedience to all lawfully constituted authority and her unvarying lesson of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. From a thousand forums of public thought over the face of the earth, our own country not excepted, there still rises that cry which nineteen centuries ago was first heard in the court of Pilate: "We have found this man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar." And for those who would see that justice is done us, without favor or partiality, there comes the bitter warning: "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend!" So again and again, on through centuries, the sentence of Pilate is passed. Christ is crucified anew in His members. What happened of old in the court of the Roman Governor has taken place to-day in Portugal and Mexico, and will be repeated to-morrow elsewhere. If Christ was condemned to death on this specious charge, it was inevitable that his followers would fare no better. "Dangerous citizens, factionists, enemies of the Empire and the Emperors" were the names given, we are told, to the early Christians by their pagan contemporaries, the Roman Guardians of Liberty.

All this is true; but it is likewise our greatest consolation and our glory. Let the enemies of Christ inscribe it at the head of their chapter of accusations against us: "The Catholics of the twentieth century are one with their brethren of the first." We are one with them in persecution as in faith.

The fact that the Church condemns the untenable proposition, "The Church must be separated from the State, and the State from the Church," does not imply even the slightest desire on her part, as is popularly supposed, of interfering in secular matters from political motives. Her right at any time or in any place is due to the moral and religious interests that may be involved in the issue. It is only because of the welfare of souls, as the ultimate reason, that she can and must speak out, counsel and command. Where souls are in danger there is question no longer of purely political or economic issues. Spiritual principles are at stake. In these she is the ultimate authority. For this purpose Christ has instituted her. "It was not to Cæsar," as Pope Leo XIII so conclusively says, "but to Peter that Jesus Christ entrusted the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Union between the Church and State, where such is possible, merely simplifies and ensures the more perfect fulfilment of the task Christ conferred upon her. Her attitude of non-interference in purely civic matters, on the other hand, is clearly expressed in the encyclical of the same Pontiff, on the "Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens":

> It is plainly evident that the governing powers are wholly free to carry out the business of the State; and this not only not against the wish of the Church, but manifestly with her co-operation, inasmuch as she strongly urges to the practice of

piety, which implies right feeling toward God, and by that very fact inspires a right-mindedness toward the rulers of the State.

It is not the purpose of the present article to describe in detail the true nature of the union between Church and State. This calls for separate consideration. One thing alone has been made clear, that the accusations directed against Catholics because of the principles supposed to be involved in this union are entirely unfounded, in fact and in theory. They are all summed up in the charges on which Christ was condemned to death: for "saying that He is Christ, the King." That kingship He fully but vainly explained, is spiritual and not earthly. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and to God the things that are God's." Such was the doctrine of Christ, and such is the doctrine of His Church for individuals and for society alike. That the things of God may be more completely given to God is the only reason why she has ever called upon the State for assistance. She in turn urged that the things of Cæsar should be given unto Cæsar. This is the only principle involved in the union of Church and State, the principle laid down by Christ.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Sex and the War

IN some respects the European engagement resembles a medicine: unpleasant to mankind's taste, but curative of serious ailment. The world outside the Church has, of late years, been moving in a most extravagant orbit. What happened to queenly old Rome was, up till less than a half-dozen months ago, being reenacted in Europe's modern domains, to say nothing of America. With money plentiful, physical weakness had been eagerly and generally purchased. Common peril lacking, common interest broke down into private. The science of selfishness, the logical corollary of which has always been the decadence of the State, glittered as the most popular of studies. To be sure, bubbles of Socialism not infrequently floated aloft; but, as bubbles will, they invariably burst.

Sexes, especially during the last decade, have been largely interchanging qualities. For woman wanted something more than the honor which, since the era of Christianity, has been hers; that is, power. Man desired something more than the power which, since the dawn of creation, has been his; that is, ease. In gaining power, woman greatly forfeited her dignity; by wallowing in ease, man deplorably wasted his power. Catholic women have not been parties to this movement. To them, thank God, the following paragraphs have little application. Nor is this article an indictment of the general body of non-Catholic women. Yet the strictures here passed are sufficiently warranted, no doubt, to deserve consideration.

The first hideous offspring of the interchanged qualities was a vast increase of race-suicide. Blinded by her aspirations, woman regarded maternity as servitude, and consequently snapped its tender chains. Statistics startled us a few years ago, presaging, as they solemnly did, dire national calamities in Europe. Man's virility could have stemmed the appalling condition; it was absent.

The second result was a no less alarming augment in divorce. Woman had become too self-assertive to submit to hymeneal bonds that chafed; man, too enervated to fasten his affections in a single place. If the growth of race-suicide endangered the home, that of divorce destroyed it. And without the home a people's prosperity can not be reared.

Next came a daring exposé of the truths of sex. The world was deluged with abominable literature. Woman's so-called emancipation had filled her with a poise and swagger which made her forget the delicate art of blushing. She could stomach much, and was not averse to testing her capacity with a little more. She craved power; knowledge is such. So she strained at no bit of information, however unsavory. Her uncouth zeal served to keep plays, which would make the pagan compositions of Terence and Plautus sound almost virtuous, pouring their iniquity into urban life for whole seasons. A press denunciation of a drama's immorality was sufficient guarantee for a record-attendance, largely female. And, while thus pandering to the sordid elements of nature, woman justified herself by hotly declaring that sores must be uncovered if they are ever to be cured. *Sotto voce,* it is noticeable that very little healing has been effected. Reliable physicians, forsooth, are old-fashioned enough to advise that sores be bandaged.

The logic of making the world more wholesome by filling it with stories of vice was decidedly poor. Better by far the "blindness of virtue," depicted by Cosmo Hamilton, than the glare of sin!

Woman's voice could have easily stopped the sexological expositions; feminine modesty, however, had become so weak that the feminine tongue strongly encouraged them. As for man, he had lost his chivalry to such an extent that he frankly licensed these obscenities to swarm in the female ear.

Emboldened by such a public airing of their lack of the virtue of their grandmothers, women went farther. Having once defied convention, they proceeded to demolish and rebuild it on a new, and incredibly low, moral basis.

As a weapon of destruction they exploited style. Conservative folk stood aghast at the utter shamelessness of the costumes quite generally adopted. Comfort and modesty, the real and only reasons for clothing, were abandoned for their opposites. The world was presented with the sorry spectacle of a legion of rational women in garments too meager to admit of free motion, sufficiently meager to incite all the vice which the display was supposed to dispel, and, withal, less meager than the infatuated ladies desired. For the second output of your Parisian *ateliers* was skimpier than the first. Hobble-skirts evolved into slashed hobble-skirts.

The while men abetted this extremity with smiles and bandies. Had their manliness not been at such an ebb,

they would have surged forth in earnest protest. They would have attempted to rescue woman from folly. Is there aught on earth more precious to real men than female decency?

For once man, in unmanliness ceased to be woman's protector, it was only natural that she should become her own destroyer. Her worst enemy has always been herself. The Bard of Avon might have been an exaggerator, but he certainly was not a fool when he identified her with frailty. Unused to freedom, how could she be expected to use it properly? Like a child with a sharp knife, she had to cut herself. And man let her!

Her race for suffrage needs little comment. Heaven only knows that any virtue which she could bring to the polls was needed and would have been appreciated! But candor proclaims that, in her mad haste, she lost much of her power on the way. Eloquent episodes of her unique campaign abound, especially in England.

Moreover, her silly enslavement by such an inferior item as dress, hardly made men sanguine for her wisdom in the so important concerns of state. Clothes have nothing to do with civics, but the spirit behind them has.

Anent suffrage, the manliness of men proved more lacking than ever. Instead of the courtesy which a truly noble masculine spirit must needs prompt toward woman, even when she vexes it most, they lavished on her vile abuses, verbal and even physical. Plenteous instances of such insult are still fresh in the public mind.

Likely woman was wrong in her measures; men were worse in theirs. For it was the very freedom which they had years ago stripped off themselves and carelessly flung at her, which now stimulated her to the further freedom of the ballot. They, therefore, were more to blame than she; with the patience of real men, who are gentle as well as firm, they should have dealt with the extravagance to which their own rashness and supineness had given birth.

Unsatisfied with style and suffrage as manifestations of independence, women sought yet another evidence: the dance. The stage has always been esteemed a model of sex-equality. Actresses receive wages that equal, and often surpass, actors' salaries. The glamor of feminine liberty haunts the playhouse. So, however unconsciously, women became "stagetically" impressed. Accordingly they blossomed into soubrettes, with the world for their stage. Satan is even yet paying the salaries.

Terpsichorean exhibitions were dragged whole from the theatre and established as *à la mode* in respectable halls and parlors. In the grasp of Tango, the little modesty left over from the aforesaid extravagances, was crushed to much less. Accessory as man had been to woman's previous errors, he was doubly so in this, her latest and greatest. He was frankly her partner. His manliness could practically be summed up with a zero.

Such is the pass to which an interchange of masculine and feminine qualities has brought the irreligious and pseudo-religious world. It can not be doubted, however, that the war in Europe will prove a salient remedy for that continent, and indirectly for ours. It has already called man from ease and woman from excess; is inflaming in the former the virility which has been so contentedly smoldering to death; and is arousing in the latter the golden instincts of tenderness, solicitude, and patience. Woman will emerge from the ordeal chastened, sweeter, and more womanly than ever. Man, too, should come forth more manly; unless the conflict degenerates into primitive barbarity. It is the prayer and trust of Christendom that it will not.

Already the follies of the day have fled from Europe at the sound of cannon and the smell of powder. Already the sexes have slipped back into the rôles assigned them by nature: man as the protector, and woman as the protected. Doubtless in this the future is truthfully mirrored.

EDWARD F. MURPHY, M.A.

Men of God and Men of Men*

MINISTERS are not always sensible. In fact, they are frequently the reverse, and for two very cogent reasons. One reason they are not always accountable for; that is their anomalous position. They are at once members of a church organization professing a certain general creed, and in common with all Protestants, absolutely freethinkers. This odd position they can scarcely help if they are born Protestants. But their sensibleness is handicapped very often by an equally serious trouble. To fill their churches they are obliged to be interesting personally. This in turn obliges them in modern times to be more or less sensational. Now, to be sensational and sensible at the same time is nearly as hard as to be both radical and conservative.

For a long time after the Reformation it was interesting and, on the whole, sensational to be opposed to Rome. Those who were sincere among the Reformers felt a self-conscious purity and exaltation of ideal. The others felt the sensational joy of all freethinkers in opposing the colossus of Rome. But to-day, when Rome looks less black than she once did, as the result of telegraphs and photographs and other normalizing agencies, this fear or horror or enmity of Rome is not so very powerful. The old evangelical fervor has, in consequence, died out in many places, and the various schemes for "Go-to-Church Sundays" and social and sociable activity have taken the place of many more worthy, if mistaken, ideals.

With the general advance of indifferentism, Protestant pastors seem to have forgotten how truly interesting goodness would be at the present day. It would be very nearly, if not quite, sensational. In the same way a sermon on reward and punishment, on heaven and hell, if delivered with the old-fashioned conviction, would be enough to fill many a church. But where indifferentism (called "tolerance") has caught hold of the pastors, how

*The sixth of a series of special articles.

can we expect the flock to be enthusiastic? The pastor finds it difficult to regain the old conviction himself, and finding also that an insincere sermon does not carry weight, he resorts to the alluring fields of politics and "uplift."

In doing this he is far from sensible. He would do better to follow the example of certain well-known socialist ministers who, finding their religious convictions non-existent, gave up their ministry. That at least is frankness. It is at least discarding an impossible indifferentism for an open belief. A Protestant pastor who finds it necessary to continue a pastor after his religion has gone and only his sociability or socialism remains is not a sensible man; and he alone is to blame for his lack of sense.

But not all ministers espouse the socio-philanthropic craze for the sake of filling their churches. To maintain this would be bigotry pure and simple. Plenty of pastors are still sincere, have firm convictions (among them the hatred for Rome), and teach certain doctrines of Marx and others because they believe in them and think they can be woven in the same sermon with Christianity. This may show their lack of sense; but it does not prove them entirely to blame for what they think and teach.

The blame is chiefly with the strange contradiction of Protestantism itself. As a professed member of this or that Church, a minister naturally believes, or should believe, in certain doctrines. But as a staunch upholder of the right of private judgment, he must appeal for mental assistance to no authority higher than himself. He must, if he is logical, accept no man's word but his own. And if his thinking is loose (like that of all humans), as well as free, it is easy to understand why he can reconcile Marx and Christ, and not even shiver when he does so. Without authority to rest on, he is a bit like a small child trying to learn the mysteries of chemistry without a textbook or teacher.

Yet he remains, on the whole, a man of God, in the sense that he works and lives for God. His life is usually a good moral example, and his enthusiasms have the admirable simplicity of the child, as well as the "blunderingness." It is not very hard to carry the great social message of the Church to such a man. He is as eager as you or I to do real good, and if we can, little by little, persuade him that men make the laws and economic conditions, and not laws and conditions the men, we will find him a fervent apostle of faith, hope and love.

But the minister who has lost his convictions and has plunged into the pit of sensationalism is hard to reach. He is no longer a man of God, but a man of men. He is ruled by what men think, and not by what God commands. The sincere man of God, however mistaken, can be reached by both layman and priest. But the out and out "intellectualist," the minister who places his own reason above the demands of revelation, can be reached only by long and persistent argument, the well-trained argument of a priest.

The "intellectualist" no longer fears Roman dogma; he is indifferent to all dogma. For that reason, if for no other, he will listen with a fairly open mind to what a priest might say. His interest is in morals and ethics, as was the interest of the pagans. He will listen as readily to the moral views of a priest as of a labor leader. But he will not care much for the moral or ethical views of a Catholic layman. To him the Catholic layman is an amateur quoting the opinions of the professionals to whom he is devoted. The "intellectualist" would rather get his information from one in authority. He would listen even better to a cardinal than to a parish priest, because he thinks the cardinals and the Pope the only ones permitted to think in the Catholic Church. The layman, he believes, allows all his thinking to be done for him by those higher up.

It seems to me, then, that the urgent mission of the clergy and hierarchy to-day is to this class of luke-warm Protestant ministers, the men of men. Speaking with full authority, the clergy will be listened to where the laymen would be despised. How often the layman has experienced the mortification of having his explanations of Catholic morals greeted by: "That is an interesting view; but, of course, it can't be quite orthodox! Your clergy would never subscribe to that!" Let the clergy speak, then. And let them speak with full authority and vigor, so that misunderstandings can be cleared, and sensationalism robbed of its flimsy glamor, and those who are now men of men be made once more men of God.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

The Midnight Office of Christmas

AMONG the many disadvantages suffered by non-Catholics as a result of their separation from the Church, the absence of liturgical worship is perhaps one of the most striking. The personal relation between God and the individual is, of course, vital and essential; but the collective worship of the body of the faithful, the liturgical, is also an important feature. The loss of this tends to individualism in religious worship. This act of adoration by the entire congregation finds its expression in action, and, as the great feasts of the Church show, partakes of the nature of a solemn pageant. Of these sacred pageants the most important remaining to us are the solemnities of Holy Week and Easter, Pentecost and Corpus Christi. Christmas, too, has its solemn pageant in which the Church celebrates the Birthday of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; a pageant which reaches its climax in the midnight Mass, at which hour our Divine Saviour is said to have been born.

In monastic houses there takes place at Prime on Christmas Eve a solemn ceremony when, before the reading of the martyrology, a deacon sings from the lectern in the Chapter the announcement of the Incarnation of Christ. But for most of the faithful the first note of this mystery is sounded at the First Vespers. It is as though we sat in a gray mist, and heard in some far off land a distant voice calling. *Scitote quia prope est regnum Dei:* "Know ye that the Kingdom of God is at hand; Amen I say unto you, it will not tarry." The whole idea of the First Vespers of Christmas is that of watching and waiting, as of those that sit in darkness; and ere Mother Church sings *Magnificat* with Mary, she bids all her children watch and wait with that expectant Mother throughout the holy night: "Or

ever the sun be risen from the heavens ye shall see the King of kings coming forth from the Father, even as a bridegroom from his chamber." Then the incense clouds melt away and the altar lights cease to twinkle, and with the shepherds of Bethlehem we watch and wait in the silence.

The night gathers, and a busy world gives itself up to every kind of festive preparation. Within the temple all is dark, save that here and there glimmers a light, and kneeling groups cleanse their hearts, that swept and garnished within they may offer a worthy dwelling to the Prince of Peace.

Then the altar lights flash out again, and the bells chime, and the solemn pomp begins that welcomes in the Birthday of the King, Whose herald announces His approach, *Christus natus est nobis, venite adoremus.* "Christ is born to us. Come, let us adore." And so Matins begins. There is a clash in the psalmody, and the sound of strife. The heathen rage furiously, and the people meditate a vain thing. The kings of the earth stand up, and the princes take counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed. But above the confusion of earth the heavens declare the glory of God; day calls unto day, and night cries unto night. The daughter of Tyre is there with a gift; for He has placed His tabernacle in the sun, and His coming forth from heaven is as a giant rejoicing to run his course. Dim and far off, back through countless centuries rises a voice. It is the Prophet Isaias who cries aloud to Jerusalem that her warfare is accomplished and her iniquity is put away. "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Sion. Shake thyself from the dust. Behold, it is I."

When the Prophet and his message have ceased we again, in company with holy David, await the loving kindness of God in the midst of His holy temple. The Ethiopians shall kneel before Him, and His enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tharsis and the isles shall give presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts. For mercy and truth are now met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

But the Old Law has passed, and St. Leo the Pope speaks from the Chair of Peter: "Our Saviour, Beloved, is born to-day: let us rejoice. For there shall be no place of sorrow on the Birthday of Life. . . . Recognize, O Christian, thy dignity. . . . Remember of what Head and of what Body thou art a member; call to mind that thou art delivered from the power of darkness, and transplanted into the light and Kingdom of God." Again the joy song breaks out, and the whole earth sings unto the Lord a new song. God has made known His salvation, and openly showed His justice in the sight of the nations.

Matins draws to a close, and there is a swift movement in the sacred pageant as the great Princes and Doctors of the Church hasten to take up their part. We hear St. Gregory the Great saying that it is meet that He, Who is the Living Bread from Heaven, should be born in Bethlehem, the House of Bread. St. Ambrose calls the faithful to behold the shepherds watching their flocks by night: for the flock is the people; the night, this age of the world; the shepherds, the priests. Nor may we forget the Mystery which is thus prefigured, for the great Augustine of Hippo expounds the doctrine of the Incarnation, and when the glad news has been declared the mighty *Te Deum laudamus* echoes through the temple, and the first part of the solemn mystery is done.

The movement now changes from the choir to the altar; from the place of the servants to the throne of the King, where, at the foot of the steps, the ministers gather. There is a cry from unworthy lips, *Kyrie eleison*, and suddenly the air is rent with the singing from a multitude of the heavenly host who chant: *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis;* then the people keep silent and the priest prays. It is the newer Gospel rite, therefore it is fit that the Apostle of the Gentiles should make mention that the "grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men"; then from the lips of St. Luke we hear the old, old story of how Mary brought forth her First-born Son, and swathed Him and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the Inn.

Credo has sealed our faith in this Incarnation and all that followed thereby, the napkin has been spread on the manger of the altar; the white Host, symbol of eternity, is now covered by the corporal veil which signifies the veiling of Eternity in human guise, and the sweet incense has been offered. The sanctus bell clashes and we wait; for the King is at the threshold now. There is a soft sound of crushed silk as the priest makes the saving Sign and kisses the place where the Babe is to lie; a sudden crash of the bell again rings out, and there is the sound of whispering. It is the priest, the servant of the manger, calling upon the whole court of Heaven to hasten to the Christmas feast; and with swift movement the heavenly citizens pass that the King may be fitly attended. First, the glorious Ever-Virgin Mary, Mother of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ. The blessed Apostles and Martyrs, Peter and Paul, Andrew, James, John and all the illustrious twelve; and following on them swiftly the martyred Pontiffs springing from Peter's Chair, Linus, Cletus, Clement, Xystus, Cornelius and all the white-robed martyr throng, and when they too have taken their place about the throne, the angels bow their heads in reverence and the powers of heaven prostrate themselves in adoration. Swiftly and silently the action takes place. Not amid the roar of cannon, nor with the clash of steel upon steel sounding all around. A dim cloud of incense arises, the lights are lifted up to greet the Light of light; there is a mutter of whispered words, the faint tinkle of a bell, and the Word is made Flesh and dwells among us, and we behold the glory of the Only-Begotten of the Father.

Again the silence falls, and the firstfruits of the redemption through the Incarnation, the crowd of martyr witnesses, joins in the pageant. John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, Ignatius; the virgins who have washed their robes white in His Blood, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia and all the saints; and with them, and with all the angels and the company of heaven we go up the hill to Bethlehem, to adore and to receive the new-born Christ. The first Mass is over, the Mass which celebrates the temporal birth of Christ in Bethlehem. At dawn will be said the Mass symbolizing the birth of Our Lord in the hearts of Christians, and when the sun is high in the heavens Christ's eternal birth in the bosom of the Father will be commemorated at the altar.

Ite missa est: the Mass is over, the Mystery is consummated, and it remains for glad hearts to celebrate this Birthday with a final song of praise, and Mother Church closes this pageant with Lauds. *Quem vidistis, pastores?* "Whom saw ye, O shepherds? Tell us Who hath appeared on earth. We beheld the New-born Child, and the choirs of angels glorifying God together. . . . A little Child is born for us to-day: and He shall be called God, the Mighty One. Alleluia. Alleluia. *A solis ortus cardine.* From pole to pole, from East to West there is breaking forth in succession the salutation of Christmas Lauds, and the whole earth is echoing with song as the dawn follows on the darkness of night at the passing of the shadow of death.

One by one the lights of the temple are extinguished, and the watchers leave the lowly crib to go out through the darkness to their own homes, as the shepherds departed from Bethlehem. The gray light of a Christmas morning breaks on the world, and for one day at least forgiveness has a place, and Christian love is not a mockery, because of that

Ever-blessed Birthday,
When the Virgin full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bore the Saviour of our race.

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

(Correspondents who favor us with letters and contributions are reminded that their manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps for postage are enclosed.)

Midnight Mass for Peace

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It has been suggested, and I hope that very many of the clergy will be able to adopt the suggestion, that the last three days of the year be devoted to public and private exercises of reparation to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for the terrible outrages, many of which have been directed against the Holy Eucharist, in unhappy Mexico. Will you permit me to make another suggestion? Would it not make a wonderful impression both in peaceful America and warring Europe, if throughout the country we could have a midnight Mass at Christmas, to ask the Prince of Peace to bring us peace in all our days, and especially peace to all our European brethren? Whether or not this suggestion could be put in practice, would of course, depend upon the judgment of the Right Reverend Bishops of the respective dioceses. I merely wish to bring the matter to the attention of the reverend clergy, and I have little doubt, that on proper petition, the Ordinaries will willingly grant their request.

St. Louis. SACERDOS.

The Italian Question

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The testimony of Bishop Dunne, Mgr. Lyons, and others, portraying the fruits produced among the Italians, does not affect the matter at issue. No one denies that here and there there have been local successes in the work, but the fact that these successes are the outcome of hard, long and persistent labor proves the need of the labor among the Italian immigrants and shows the condition of religious indifference and neglect with which they left their native land.

The question at issue is what is the collective result produced in this country among the millions of Italian immigrants after well nigh thirty years of labor and the expenditure of a large sum of American money. I don't deny that there may have been prejudices. I don't maintain that there may not have been at times neglect, or that economic conditions may not have been unfavorable, but all these combined can not account for the admitted religious indifference; otherwise this same neglect would be found to the same extent among other immigrants. Is then the collective spiritual result among the Italians commensurate with the vast expense and the toil bestowed upon them? My contention is, and I think I shall be borne out in this by most priests familiar with the subject, that it is not. This failure of results, this religious indifference on the part of the Italian I hold to be an indication that the conditions in Italy are not such as Father Sorrentino has described.

What then are the causes of this phenomenon? Let us paint them briefly without reserve, which can serve no good purpose and only impede the beneficial results we look for. The main causes are in Italy, and Italy is not the country of practical Catholicity that Father Sorrentino would have us believe. The Italians were not instructed solidly in their Faith; this is affirmed by Pius X, as "Forestiere" pointed out in a recent issue of AMERICA. If they needed special instruction to prepare them for the peculiar conditions in this country then for the last thirty years that instruction should have been given, and the fault lies in the neglect of the Italian clergy. Why did not the Italian priests accompany their countrymen in the early days of their immigration as did the priests of other nationalities? How is it that so many to-day in this country do not wish to labor among their own countrymen? Why is it that Pius X undertook the reform of the seminaries of southern Italy? Why the stringent regulations with regard to the immigration into this country of the Italian clergy? Here we have the explanation to a large extent of the religious indifference of the Italian immigrant, and here, too, we have the key to the lack of true practical Catholicity among the Italian people.

New York. HERBERT HADLEY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the spring of 1910, with the German-American pilgrimage from New York, I crossed over to Naples on the German liner Berlin. To my surprise I found an Italian chaplain on board who was given by the steamship company free second-class passage from Naples to New York and back. This priest—I forget his name—told me that all the ships carrying immigrants from Italian ports had to have chaplains. The very fact that public opinion in Italy is strong enough to force the greedy steamship companies to the extra expense of a chaplain, certainly speaks volumes in favor of the Italian Catholics. I assisted the chaplain on Sunday during his Mass in the steerage for the passengers returning to their native land. I must say that I was very much impressed by the piety displayed by these poor passengers under rather trying circumstances. On the other hand I have seen, during twelve summers of missionary life in the Northwest, groups numbering from fifty to one hundred and twenty and more of Italian laborers on the railroads, who never had a chance all summer to assist at Mass. They have to work from six or seven o'clock in the morning till at least seven in the evening. And their pay? How meager! They cook their own meals before and after their work, for their Sundays and weekdays are quite the same, except perhaps some lighted candles on an improvised altar on Sunday evenings, when they say the rosary and sing some hymns. I have tried several times to say Mass for them. Once only could I get some Neapolitans to come to Mass and listen to a little sermon. Most of the time the answer was: *"Ecco parde,* we have to work and make all we can; we can go to Mass again when we go to Chicago for the long winter or in the old country." To make matters worse, Socialist agitators are busying themselves all summer long with these poor laborers. If many, as it has been maintained, fall away from the Church, here is a great source of leakage. How can this leakage be stopped? Is there sufficient public opinion in this country to protest against Sunday work, or rather against the small wages that almost force them to work on Sunday? Can no pressure be brought upon the railroad companies to give these people a day of rest and also free transportation for chaplains who would look after their spiritual interests?

Crary, N. D. JUSTUS SCHWEIZER, O.S.B.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Pius X, writing of Italian emigrants states that they are *"Fere non satis doctrina religionis instructi."*

G. Realmuto: "This statement means that while their religious instruction sufficed for their mode of life in Italy, it does not suffice in America, where dangers are greater."

Forestiere: "They are, therefore, aware of the obligation of the First Commandment of the Church; but why do so few, *in proportion to the population,* attend Mass? Greater New York has as large an Italian population as the city of Naples; proportionately there are more practical Catholics in Naples than in New York. Why? Did that religious instruction include the obligation of hearing Mass on Sunday, whether in Italy or in America?"

As for the millions of men and women of other nationalities in this country who should be Catholics and are not, suffice it to state that these millions are not of the immigrant generation; it may be true of the second and third generation, but in the Italian problem, it is the immigrant who sacrifices his religion. Even from the letters of many clergymen, which have appeared in AMERICA, it is evident that they are striving to accomplish their work through the immigrants' American-born children. Why is this method the only satisfactory one? No one has denied that splendid religious conditions hold in Italy: at home the Italian is practical and probably becomes so again, upon his return, but on foreign shores he presents a problem that cries for some solution, and none is so satisfactory as that which holds that he should be instructed in the essentials of his religion.

The comments on the Italian immigrants' question have been of two classes: the one defended the immigrants, the other excused them. The former provided statistics which confirm the assertion that the immigrant is not a practical Catholic: *e. g.* 19,570 persons attended 42 missions in New York. This is a terrible indictment when viewed in comparison with the Italian population of New York. Moreover, these and all other statistics indicate local conditions and can not be a criterion of conditions in America any more logically than American indicate Italian conditions.

New York. FORESTIERE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Like all other questions there are two sides to this one. If the Italians are ignorant of religious truths, the most important thing to decide is how they can be best taught under the circumstances. It will not improve matters to abuse them. They have feelings like other people, and are very sensitive. They have discernment enough to know when a person is interested in their welfare. They resent an affront and reciprocate a courtesy offered to the humblest individual among them, and sympathy stimulates their generosity.

New York. JOHN T. NICHOLSON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been more than interested in the Italian question discussed in your excellent weekly for the past two months. I had often thought of writing you and of giving my impressions of the Italians in my State, and particularly in my parish, but that coward-making *cui bono* kept me silent. At least, before this controversy closes, as it must come to an end soon, and perhaps the sooner the better, I have decided to tell you my experience of fifteen years with the Italians of my parish and that in an absolutely unprejudiced manner. That it will throw any light on the *raison d'etre* of Italian indifferentism to religion in this country I doubt, but it will at least give the experience of one who tried to arouse them from their religious lethargy, and whose efforts have been all in vain. I am pastor of a parish within whose confines are pulp mills which employ sometimes one hundred and fifty Italians, sometimes a less number. For fifteen years I have tried and tried and tried in vain to get them to attend church. I have told them that the church services were as free to them as the American air, and still they did not come. On one occasion I got Italian priests to preach to them, to hear their confessions and to encourage them in every way. What was the result? Half the number perhaps, came to hear the sermon and only *two* went to confession even after I had arranged with the mill agents to exempt them from work. On other occasions Italian priests came among them also, talked with them, arranged with their Italian "Boss" for nightly church services, and when the hour arrived only two or three put in an appearance—even the Boss telephoned his "I pray thee hold me excused." I requested the head of an Italian religious order, who has gone to his reward, to send one of his priests to give them a mission and his reply was, after my going 200 miles to see him, "We can do nothing with them. They are no good; it would be hopeless!" Nothing daunted, from time to time I procured, with the aid of my bishop who is doing everything possible for them, Italian priests, and sometimes over thirty went to confession and received the following morning, but not one of those thirty was at Mass the next Sunday and they would not "lose their jobs" either, had they come. To the last Italian priest who came here, about one month ago, I said, "Father, the majority of Italian workmen in my parish can and will be allowed to come to Mass if they wish, and that without suffering any pecuniary loss. There is no excuse for them except on certain Sundays when they must work unloading cars. Now, when *you are certain* that they will *not* attend Mass the next Sunday after you leave, how can you absolve them?" He left that same evening without hearing their confessions. One of the Italian children was confirmed a few months since in my parish, and in order to please the Italians and his father, who is the Boss, I had him head the procession, bearing aloft the banner of the Sacred Heart. He has not been at Mass since. I met him last week and asked him why he did not come to church? His answer was "I have no time."

In all these fifteen years I have never seen more than three Italians at Mass and I do not expect to see any more. This is the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I am writing you this letter after having said two Masses, one at 5.30 and the other at 7, at which some two hundred persons communicated. Was there any Italian among the number? Not one, not even one at Mass! And still we were told by some of your writers within the past month that they have a special devotion for the Blessed Virgin and her feast days. If they have they do not show it in this parish. Their religion, what there is of it, is exterior. Mr. Herbert Hadley is right. Once I entered a big Italian church in a big city, and while there many devotees came in to visit, as I first imagined, the Most Blessed Sacrament, but to my surprise and, will I say my disgust, their devotion consisted in lighting candles, prostrating themselves before statues, going from shrine to shrine, from side altar to side altar, side-tracking altogether the main altar wherein reposed the Saviour of men. . . . My Italians never pass my church without saluting the statue of the Virgin in a niche, some even go so far as to cross themselves as they pass by, and this is the extent of their devotion here.

Of the hundred or more who are in my parish, I never see them—three being excepted, and these three never receive the Sacraments, at least here—at Mass or receiving the Sacraments. The only times they cast a shadow on the church doors are for baptisms and funerals, and they are highly indignant because I will not permit a high Mass of requiem over the remains of those who never entered the church while living or received the Sacraments when dying. How to account for all this I am at a loss to understand. Had they been instructed at home in the essentials of their religion it seems hard to think that they would throw everything to the wind in another land, no matter what the circumstances may be under which they exist. What I have said of my parish is the same all over the State, with perhaps one exception, and that in a large city, where out of a thousand or more, only about one hundred and fifty attend church.

The only salvation to my mind for the future Italian is the parochial school. Instruct the children now in their faith and we shall have Catholic Italians hereafter.

AN OLD PASTOR.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Mr. Herbert Hadley in his two rejoinders, has been pitifully paring down his original violent article against the Italians, laboring hard to make it square with truth. He confesses that he has no personal knowledge of the subject in hand; but with blindness born of prejudice, he keeps serenely on his course, contradicting witnesses who speak from long personal experience.

I have personal experience of the religious conditions of the Italian colonies in Albany, Troy, Buffalo, St. Louis and New York City, having ministered to them, and I affirm that seventy-five per cent. attend to their religious duties. Moreover it is utterly untrue that the Italians in this country, or any other place, are easily made Protestants. The great sums of money and personal efforts of the sects used for this purpose are very sterile of results.

But unfortunately it is true that a good many persons, who by their official position should help the Italian immigrant, show nothing but contempt and rebuffs for the Italians, proving openly that they are moved by a greater love for gold than for souls. These are the ones who give bitter and untrue information about the Italians.

New York. ITALO B.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Upon reading the observations of Father Sorrentino and others, in regard to the "Italian Question," one actually wonders why they defend a position which is so absolutely contrary to known facts. Letters have been written to Father Sorrentino by the most zealous Italian priests throughout the country, stating the true condition of the Italian in America; but none of these letters have appeared in your valuable paper. Most priests in the United States agree in regard to the Italian, viz.: that the majority of the immigrants to this country have had their religious instruction sadly neglected at home, and coming to this country, not knowing the language or habits of the people, have soon forgotten the very little they knew of God and of His Church.

The letter written by Mgr. Lyons of Wilmington, Del., gives us the key to the remedy for the betterment of the religious condition of the Italian in this country. As some one has remarked in this controversy the Italian came here, principally with commercial ends in view. . . . Mgr. Lyons indirectly suggests that the greatest hope for the Italian, is American priests who can speak the language of these poor religiously neglected people. This view is not a mere notion, but is the result of close observation in many places throughout the United States. The only successful Italian parishes are those where the pastor and assistants, whether they be Italian or American, spend all their time and exercise their duties for the Italian people alone, and who pay no attention whatever to those generous American "sore-heads" who criticise their own priests and church and go to the Italian priest for sympathy. Give us priests who will stick to the Italian and the Italian alone, until the time is ripe for amalgamation with the American people and in a generation or two we can point to the Italian in America as a model Catholic for any nation in the world.

Pittsburgh, Pa. F. P. SNYDER.

[This controversy is now closed.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

A Practical Suggestion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What AMERICA and *Extension* have printed about the Mexican horrors we know to be true, but most non-Catholics are not in the least aware that there is anything like religious persecution in Mexico. Not so long ago our ears were bursting with the noise made by the American press, about a Russian Jew who was merely being tried according to the law of the land for an offence of which he may or may not have been guilty. That he had a fair trial seems sufficiently clear from the fact that he was acquitted. And yet when Catholics, priests, nuns, and the laity, are outraged and murdered at our very doors, simply because they are Catholics, the Catholic as well as the non-Catholic citizens of this land of the free and home of the brave, do nothing but watchfully wait—for more outrage and murder. Our council of the Knights of Columbus has adopted resolutions on the "unspeakable horrors in Mexico." But it seems to me that not much good is to be done by reading and adopting resolutions in the privacy of our council chambers. What we want is publicity, and it is quite plain by this time, that the press will not carry the Catholic side of the question as news. It is my intention to offer at the next meeting of the Knights, a resolution to publish in the Sunday —— in large type, a full-page advertisement, setting forth the truth about Mexico. We have fallen upon evil times. Justice has left the editorial page and the news columns, when there is question of the Catholic Church. About all that is now left us is the paid-for publicity of the advertising section. S. L. B.

Kentucky.

Do We Lack Leadership?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of July 25th Mr. P. J. Judge of Omaha, Neb., under the caption "Do American Catholics Lack Leadership," discussed at some length the need of an authoritative ruling to guide our people on questions affecting the Church. Take the school question. Recently a very prominent Catholic, the graduate of a Jesuit college, was a candidate for governor. Probably he expected some Catholic support. And yet in a public speech answering questions propounded by the Guardians of Liberty, he declared in effect that if the legislature passed a bill giving State aid to "sectarian" schools, he would veto it. "Sectarian" schools of course referred practically to parochial schools. Was he right or wrong? Take the *Menace* question. The administration says there is no law to stop it. A few thousand people write letters but six hundred thousand paid subscriptions wield a larger political influence than a few thousand written protests. What is best to do about it? Take the Nathan affair. Beyond a few letters of protest, what was done? What should be done? Some say boycott the Exposition; some say that would be unpatriotic and lead to reprisals. What had best be done? Take the Mexican question. Surely that is a horrible situation. We can not understand it. What should we do as Catholics to remedy this awful condition? Here again, who will decide what is best to do?

What is the use in all these cases, of individual action here and there? Every one has his own opinion and no authoritative plan is presented for united action. If we had a leader in authority, we could sink our individual preferences or opinions and all work together in whatever way such an authorized and competent general would direct. There is one correct Catholic position on the school question, the Mexican outrages, the *Menace* vileness and other affairs that concern us most deeply as Catholics. Who will lay down the law on these points so that every Catholic could consider himself bound by that decision? There is one best way to accomplish an end. Who will definitely and authoritatively decide that best way? United action requires a uniform plan and leadership. We are accomplishing nothing under our present mode of procedure, and it might be the part of wisdom to think over some way to get results.

Brooklyn, N. Y. S. B. DUFFY.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Christmas Greeting

IN the Mass which the Church with impatient joy begins at the stroke of midnight on each anniversary of Our Blessed Lord's birthday, she insists that Christmas is, in a special way, a festival of light. "O God," runs the Collect, "who didst make this most sacred night to shine forth with the glory of Him Who is the true light of the world; grant that He Who thus revealed to us, has made resplendent our path on earth, may be forever our joy and our light in heaven." The Gradual sings that Christ was begotten in the brightness of the saints before the day star was made; the Gospel tells how the brightness of God shone round the watching shepherds, and the Preface proclaims that by the mystery of the Word made Flesh, from the brightness of God a new light has risen to shine on the eyes of our souls. Centuries ago the Dayspring from on high came down to scatter the world's darkness and to be a guide for erring feet. Each year at this season God renews in men who are of good will the light that first shone forth from the Crib of Bethlehem. That this joyous and comforting light of Christmas may enter and fill the hearts of all the readers of AMERICA is our earnest wish and prayer.

The Italian Question

FOR some weeks the Italians have been under discussion by the readers of AMERICA, and much has been said in proof and in disproof of their practical religious observance. What started the subject was an article maintaining that the practice of religion throughout Italy is in a flourishing condition. This statement was challenged. Protests then followed to the effect that no matter what may be the conditions prevailing among the Italians at home, their practice of the Faith among us leaves much to be desired. The writer of the article in question tried to bring back the correspondents to the original topic, but the discussion would not be so controlled, and finally resolved itself into the question whether or not the Italians practise their religion when they come to our shores. One contributor called the whole discussion useless and harmful. We doubt the wisdom of his characterization. Seeing one's deficiencies brought to light is, of course, not pleasant, and yet concealment is at best but ill-considered kindness. When all has been said and due discount has been made for the insufficiency of the data offered as the basis of a judgment, the conviction, we think, will cling to most readers' minds that there is an Italian problem, and that it clamors for solution; and that although no good will come, either from exaggeration or underestimation, we should all be willing to see it in the broad light of day, and to do our best to cope with it.

As for the older Italians who come as immigrants and have no intention of remaining, who are said to have been practical Catholics at home and to be sure of becoming such again after returning, the general public is less concerned. As a class, the adult Italians will be found entirely out of the sphere of lay influence. This, however, is not the case with the bright-eyed, laughter-loving, industrious and intelligent Italian children who are going to be our fellow-citizens. These by patient and consistent effort can be made observant sons and daughters of the Church. They respond to kindness, they are quick to recognize their friends, and they are ready to give more than they ask both in devotion and affection. And yet they are growing up only too often in ignorance and neglect, to their own loss and to ours. For they are American children, and will live in our midst, and can be made Catholics in mind and in heart. From the blood that is in their veins have come martyrs. Such blood should not be allowed to belie itself. Nor will it belie itself, if only our Catholics will interest themselves in some of the many organized works of the lay apostolate, such as going in search of the children, gathering them together, instructing them, extending to them the ministrations of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and bringing them within the influence of the Ozanam clubs. A little zeal will suggest many expedients, adapted to local conditions, for deepening the Faith that is in them, for safeguarding them from proselytizers, and for making them realize that we are all members of the one fold, bound together by the common bond of Christian charity.

"The Least of These"

THE virtue of charity, if it is to be a virtue at all, must be heroic. The saying of our divine Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, thy brethren," may not be taken to apply only to the deserving poor, indigent gentlewomen, and respectable tradesmen in reduced circumstances. The curious and interesting fact about the virtue of charity is the paradox that the exercise of the virtue is more heroic in inverse

proportion to the worthiness of the recipient; which is, perhaps, the difference between the Christian virtues and those that are merely ethical or civic. For instance, it is eminently laudable to bestow our charity on the worthy persons just mentioned, and, in a degree, the action is not unpleasing to the bestower. It is less pleasing, however, but decidedly more praiseworthy to bestow an alms on the undeserving poor, the untidy washerwoman, and the disreputable tradesman selling pencils on the sidewalk. It is heroic, and then, and only then, does charity reach perfection; for these are admittedly the "least" of the brethren.

One of the most striking features of Christianity is its sanity, and by its sanity is meant the faculty of knowing its own mind, and aiming at its ideals with a splendid unconcern for the aims and ideals of those who do not understand it; to which might be added a supreme contempt for that curse of all godless civilizations, "respectability." This was the case with such eminently sane and unrespectable Christians as St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Benedict Joseph Labre. Their greatness and their sanity were manifest in that they were well content to be counted fools; and very few respectable men are willing to be held as fools, even for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.

Yet charity, if it is to become really great, demands even this; for the foolishness of the Gospel only begins where worldly prudence ends. It began when the respectable men who brought to Christ the woman taken in sin had fled, and left her, the woman of the street, face to face with the Sinless One. It began when St. Francis, casting prudence aside, devoted himself to the despised leper; and it can begin, here in these United States, when the object of our charity is not determined by his worthiness or unworthiness, but by his need, and by love of that Name for which the deed is done.

Moreover, the worthiness or unworthiness of our beneficiaries can not furnish any reliable data by which any practical Christian may limit his exercise of the virtue of Charity. Betty T., who died last October, and was laid to rest in a silk-lined casket covered with flowers, which was carried on its last journey by a special train, was said to be worth five thousand dollars. And Betty T. was a dog, a beast that perished, lacking a soul. If there be anything at all in relative values the little child insufficiently clad and crying with hunger, but having an immortal soul, might be rated at a higher value than five thousand dollars. But as things go a great many neglected little children die from starvation, and a great many pet dogs from overfeeding.

Tiger, a being of twelve years of age, has cause for being thankful. A devoted benefactress bequeathed to him one thousand dollars to provide him with kidneys and cream thrice every day, for the rest of his life. His benefactress died recently and Tiger has entered in his inheritance; and Tiger is a cat. Catholics may, therefore, leave prudence to the social "uplifter," and let their Christmas charity be actuated by the foolishness of the Gospel. For what part can worldly prudence play in a festival that commemorates the day on which God, the Maker of the Universe, chose to be born as a tiny child on a bundle of hay within a draughty stable, with the ox and the ass looking on?

A Plea for Reparation

In view of the awful outrages that have been so repeatedly committed against the Blessed Sacrament in Mexico, is it not timely to ask the Catholics of the United States to make in as public and devout a manner as possible extraordinary acts of homage and reparation? Is a national triduum of adoration and expiation out of the question?

Cincinnati, Ohio. JAMES A. MOORE.

WE can not endorse too emphatically the wish our correspondent has expressed in the part of his letter that we have quoted. A foul affront has been offered to Jesus Christ in His Eucharistic presence; and although the insults that cry out to heaven can never be undone, they can be repaired to some extent. Honor can be set against dishonor; loyalty can make amends for treason; public praise and worship can wipe out, at least partially, public shame. It would be a glorious profession of faith if we could, as a nation, unite in offering to the Sacred Heart of Christ an act of solemn reparation. Such a testimony of love and reverence would go far toward counterbalancing the deep disrespect which we all deplore. The outrages have stained the greater part of the past twelve months. What time, therefore, could be more fitting for a triduum of reparation than the last three days of the year?

Christmas Home-Coming

CHRISTMAS is almost upon us. Before long the railroad stations will be crowded with boys and girls. The air will be ringing with "Home for the holidays." And young hearts will be beating high with fond expectation. Parents, too, will be eager. What a meeting there will be! What close scanning of forms to note each little change, and silent questioning of eyes to see if affection has cooled. And, then, after wistful curiosity has been satisfied and anxious love reassured, there will be the all too short days of family reunion. During those days both father and mother will be sure to mark many subtle signs of development. They will not find their child altogether the same. If the boy has been to a Catholic high school they will notice in him a fuller grasp on the principles of his faith and a more manly pride in its practice; if the girl has been to a convent school they will remark an increase in that sweet simplicity and maidenly charm that comes almost by right to those who live under the same roof with the Son of the Lily of Israel. Such parents need have no misgivings as to the revelations of the holidays.

But what has the Christmas home-coming in store for those who have confided their children to the keeping of fashionable non-Catholic schools and academies? They, too, will find that a change has been at work in the soul of their boy and their girl. Are they sure it will be a change for the better? It will consist first of all in a touch of superficial refinement, in a new grace of manner and speech, and a certain pride in having added some wealthy Protestant name to their list of acquaintances, perhaps even of friends. If this were all, it would not be so bad. Unfortunately there are apt to be other changes as well. Many parents will notice a love for a more free and less modest manner of dress; a fondness for a kind of reading and dancing and plays, which if still innocent are not without danger; a sort of good-humored amusement at the strait-laced, old-fashioned notions of father and mother; a craving for excitement; and a very perceptible cooling in the fervor of religious life. Frequent confession and Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and the use of the rosary which they once regarded as holy commonplaces, now seem to them extraordinary and meant only for saints. They will give evidence of a growing realization of the social and other disabilities of their religion; and although still open in the profession of faith, will not be so enthusiastic about its beauties, and they will speak, though guardedly, of the lack of culture among Catholics and the impossibility of marrying suitably within the Church. These things are not, indeed, sinful, but they are signs that the spirit of worldliness which Jesus Christ holds in abomination, is casting its spell over their minds and setting up its throne in their hearts.

Parents of such children may close their eyes, if they will, but God will not do so. He will hold them strictly responsible for the souls he has put in their charge. It is their bounden duty to lead their children to God, and not to set stumbling, unseeing feet in the way of perdition. And yet this is what they run the risk of doing when they send them to fashionable non-Catholic schools. Some children, it is true, have come through them unscathed; but others have been robbed in them of faith, and have given up heaven for earth and sacrificed the love of God to gain the love of the world; and they have lived to curse their parents' folly. Fathers and mothers, therefore, during the holidays would do well to study their children, and ask themselves fairly before God what they are prepared to give them in exchange for their immortal souls. If they see the signs we have mentioned let them beware.

Peacemakers

ETYMOLOGY is a treacherous science. It has more than once led its devotees from the true analysis of a word to the false interpretation of the idea behind the word. Yet in the case of the "peacemaker" etymology is on the side not only of philological truth, but of ideal and real truth, too. For the word brings out the fact that peace is something which must be made, that the peacemaker is not merely a talker, an interloper, or a dreamer, but a maker, a producer, an actor, one whose business is with things more than with words, with realities even more than with ideals.

This truth needs emphasizing. Never more so than now. The popular idea of the peacemaker is little short of the ludicrous. It is embodied in the picture of the well-meant, ill-timed interference of a benevolent busybody, between two angry combatants; receiving dust and blows and bad language from both. His emblem is a helpless and sadly bedraggled bird cowering with fear amid menacing eagles. On the other hand, we have the word of Eternal Wisdom blessing the peacemakers, because "they shall be called the children of God."

Why this discrepancy? One explanation is simply this: we have substituted in our common concept the peacetalker for the peacemaker. The former is, indeed, untimely, intrusive, helpless and timorous, if not cowardly. The latter is a child of God because, like his Divine Father, he is conspicuously a producer, a creator, a maker of peace.

Peace is something that has to be made. We talk of "making war," and of "enjoying peace." It would be much truer to talk of making peace. For peace is the tranquillity of order, not the tranquillity of repose, and its creation and maintenance cost work and effort.

"In time of peace prepare for war," is the old adage. It might well run now: "In time of war prepare for peace." The approach of Christmas, the divine Peacemaker's birthday, reminds us that there is nothing less in keeping with the spirit of the season than the clash of arms and the roar of artillery, now resounding through Europe and through Mexico. This year, therefore, Christians should make their preparation for Our Lord's Nativity a strong unceasing prayer for peace. At this time, surely, He will graciously hear the united, fervent petitions of His children for that peace on earth He came to bring.

To Rage or Not to Rage

THE doctor, by means of a pocket-thermometer, can gauge your temperature. You await with ill-concealed anxiety the verdict of a little thread of mercury and a few scratches on a glass tube. That tiny fraction of an inch may mean another week in bed or the resumption of your normal life. There is a golden opportunity awaiting inventors to lighten the burden of prudence and give that overworked virtue a measure by which it can arrive at quick and easier decisions. Health has a normal temperature, and fluctuations above or below are warnings to take precautions. Virtue, too, has its normal, and prudence is the doctor, but, alas, prudence has no thermometer. Take any ordinary day of any ordinary individual, and you will find him subject to varying fluctuations in the heat of the soul. Is this the time and

place, the soul asks, to flare into anger, or must one chill into meekness? Gwendoline is growing more fond of evading the domestic curfew-law. Shall mother put down her anger or put down her foot? Jack brings home bad reports from school. Shall father provide candy or a cane? The school-teacher has exhausted his supply of various looks, looks of surprise, of astonishment, of grief, of pain, of vexation; he has also run through the gamut of different expressions, request giving place to demand, demand to expostulation, expostulation to command, command to threat, and now the harassed pedagogue applies to prudence for a diagnosis. Shall the storm burst into lightning-flash and thunder-roar, or must it pass by with dark clouds only and with an undischarged volley? Restraint or the rod, which shall it be?

Perhaps some may never have explored this twilight-land between virtue and virtue where prudence holds its sway. In the world of flowers there are plants which mature slowly and bloom once a century, while other plants need but a few hours to burst into bloom. In the world of combustibles you have green wood and dry powder. In the world of temperaments you have century plants and johnny-jump-ups; you have some that ignite and others that explode. These latter find a fever-chart as useless as a rapid-firing gun would find it. Yet even artillery needs cooling, and your most fiery temperament can not go too far without serious consequences to itself, not to mention the immediate objectives of its wrath. The more rapid-firing the gun, the more carefully must it be tempered, and explosives are notably in need of careful handling.

If prudence has delicate work laid out for it in determining where weakness should flame into anger, it has no less trouble in settling the precise point where resentment should change to resignation. Elementary common-sense dictates that when a stone-wall is met with and when there is no better catapult at hand than a human head, the most impatient will see that they must wait for a while, at least, until siege guns can come up. No one, unless he has won the championship for sprinting, will flap a red flag in the eyes of an angry bull. In olden days it was advised to feign death when you met a bear. Whether modern bears are so dainty about having live food is not altogether certain, but the silence and chill of death is often the best attitude to assume toward human bears. The time will come in Gwendoline's life and in Jack's life when the anger of mother and father will be seen to be waste ammunition. If meek reproach and angry rebuke have failed, then the value of education and of protected innocence will have to be taught to these troublesome children by severer teachers than their parents. Let father and mother turn to prayer rather than wear themselves out by useless fretting, or by trying to burrow into a stone-wall. There was One who on a time took a lash and wielded it in angry mood, but later He had the sword put into its scabbard and was "Like a lamb without voice before his shearer."

LITERATURE

A Greek Schoolmaster Still Teaching

ISOCRATES was probably the greatest schoolmaster the world has ever seen. His school was thronged with pupils. His methods were eminently practical. He brought his pupils through the three stages of analysis, criticism and composition. Although Isocrates himself, because of personal deficiencies, early ceased to be a practising orator, he was no admirer of what might be called "closet" oratory. "The future orator must try the effect of each arrangement and combination of technique on the audience and so draw up his own system." "The chief boast of the school of Isocrates," says Freeman, in his "Schools of Hellas," "was that it produced gentlemen." The number of disciples Isocrates left after him has been computed to be more than forty. In the theory of rhetoric he was surpassed by Aristotle. "Yet the school of Aristotle produced not a single orator of note except Demetrias Phalereus; the school of Isocrates produced a host. Why was this?" asks Jebb. He answers that it was by his exercises for which his own writings furnished models that Isocrates formed his pupils.

Isocrates lived to be ninety-eight years of age when "That dishonest victory at Chæronea, fatal to liberty, killed with report that old man eloquent." His influence lives to-day in the language we write and speak. "That Isocratic style," writes Jebb, "in its essential characteristics of rhythm and period, passed into the prose of Cicero; modern prose has been modelled on the Roman; and thus, in forming the literary rhetoric of Attica, Isocrates founded that of all literature." One particular feature of that survival is studied in an interesting lecture delivered at Oxford, June 6, 1913, by the well-known Ciceronian scholar, Professor Albert C. Clark, on "Prose Rhythm in English" (Oxford University Press). Professor Saintsbury, in his "History of English Prose Rhythm," expresses himself in his usual vehement style as utterly opposed to "the attempt to show how a prose-harmonist should develop his harmony." The author's lecture concerns itself with Professor Saintsbury's book, deplores "his lack of positive results," accepts his collection of perfect examples of prose rhythm, and proceeds to deduce some rules for the close of sentences. "For the origin of prose rhythm," says Professor Clark, "we must go to Cicero." That he does in his lecture, comparing Cicero's sentence endings (*clausulae*) with the accepted endings of later Latin prose (*cursus*) and then with the practice of English writers. "The rhythm of English," he concludes, "is mixed, like the nation itself, and the mixture constitutes its charm. In this respect English differs from medieval prose and frequently presents analogies to the freer system of Cicero and Demosthenes." Most authorities when speaking of Cicero's rhythm would couple with him Isocrates rather than Demosthenes.

Another recent work studies the school of Isocrates: "The Influence of Isocrates on Cicero, Dionysius and Aristides." (Yale University Press). Mr. Harry Mortimer Hubbel, the author, in presenting this thesis in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, asserts that his "account of Isocrates' theories will be somewhat one-sided." He does not "attempt to trace the influence exerted by his theories of rhythm, or by his style," but deals "only with the larger aspect of his pedagogical purpose." Mr. Hubbel's essay belongs to that growing class of works which the historical method of studying literature has fostered and which strives to trace the ideas of authors back to their sources. Read Fock's "Catalogus Dissertationum," and under the name of every Greek and Latin author will be found a generous sprinkling of *fontes* and *Quellen*. Mr. Hubbel's essay is valuable for the history of

rhetoric and emphasizes the practical tendencies of Isocrates in his teaching. How impatient Isocrates would be with the modern distinction implied in the disparaging use of the term rhetoric! Isocrates would not admit that anything was rhetoric unless its contents were solid and substantial. After the many discussions of Isocrates as a stylist, it is good to have the substance of his teaching thrown into prominence as it is by Mr. Hubbel. Yet if the old Greek orator had a school of rhetoric to-day, he would not use Mr. Hubbel's book in class. Sources and development and evolution belong to history, not to literature. These subjects are contributions to science, not exercises in art. Isocrates taught the art of oratory. Aristotle would have welcomed Mr. Hubbel into his school.

Never perhaps before was a country so well provided as ours is to-day with books for making authors. One of the latest is Arnold Bennet's "The Author's Craft" (Doran). He begins auspiciously with a chapter on "Seeing Life." There he points out the author's treasury if the prospective writer have the skill to open it. Unhappily many ambitious beginners are ignorant of the combination. Mr. Bennet endeavors to reveal it. He ends as auspiciously as he began, with a chapter on "The Artist and the Public," in which he vigorously advocates close touch with the people. This first and last part is thoroughly in the spirit of Isocrates. The two other chapters of the book are entitled "Writing Novels" and "Writing Plays." The novelist must have "a sense of beauty," "a passionate intensity of vision," and "a fineness of mind." This last quality is quite inclusive and is made to take in almost everything. Here one might remark that Mr. Bennet's boundaries of the beautiful are equally extensive. Zola, he states, "never went to extremes," and even Gissing and Huysman were revealers of hitherto undreamed-of beauties. Mr. Bennet regrets to belittle technique: "Its influence is light and transitory." Yet with the orator who practises rhetoric in disclaiming the term, Mr. Bennet remains an advocate of technique in appearing to reject it. That many writers have succeeded without art is no proof that art would have hampered them. Besides, this seems a quarrel over terms. No writer ever had success without technique, if technique means the rules of art, and art is the successful adaptation of means to an end. Does Mr. Bennet belong to the school of Isocrates or that of Aristotle? He is eclectic. If he would make novelists and playwrights, he should advise more reading and writing. Even a man can not "see life" unless he has been taught, not by precept, but by practice. Theory is the Aristotelean and unfruitful way. Isocrates used models and reaped a full harvest.

This discussion would perhaps give some satisfaction to Mr. R. W. Livingstone, of Oxford, if some friend were to call his attention to it. His book, "The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us," is an eloquent plea for Hellenism and what he takes to be its predominant notes. He finds some difficulty in forcing the Greek genius into a certain definite number of qualities. He strains the quality; he cramps his matter. Again a critic might object to one judging Greek genius almost solely by its writings to the omission of the other arts and many sciences. Neither does the author sufficiently distinguish in his work the phases of the Greeks which it is desirable to follow, from those which would lead to utter paganism. On the other hand, the enthusiasm of the author is infectious, and many of his pages will thrill discouraged teachers of the classics with renewed hopes and inspire them with new ardor to surmount with their pupils the initial difficulties of Greek, bringing them into intimate touch with a literature and a people whose ideas still live and still influence the literature of other times and other peoples.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

REVIEWS

Frémont and '49. By FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

To make a first-class book of this kind three things are required. The subject must be such: the author must be familiar with the subject, not merely speculatively in the comfort of his study, but practically also by his experiences in the same field of travel; and he must have the gift of book-making. In the volume before us we find all three conditions verified. Whatever one may think of Frémont as a politician or as a soldier, only blind prejudice can deny him the merit of the explorer. His explorations in the far West of his day are marked with courage, fortitude and intelligence. No danger deterred him, no obstacles could turn him back, and his scientific observations were singularly correct. Even to-day one would hesitate before undertaking to cross the Rocky Mountains in Colorado or the Sierras into California in mid-winter; and should one begin the work the cold and snows of their high passes would forbid the accomplishment of the task. These things Frémont did, and his records of distances, of altitudes, show how little he differed in them from those established since his day. His guesses too at geography were sagacious. Not that he made no mistake. What explorer escapes doing so? But his errors were few, and are not seldom to be accounted for, by his over-reliance on others less sagacious than he. Mr. Dellenbaugh is also a traveler and explorer, though not exactly a pioneer or pathfinder. But he is familiar with every foot of the way traversed by Frémont in his journeys, which enables him to reproduce these in a realistic way, marking them out for us by the towns and railways that now fill the wilderness of seventy years ago. He is a book-maker of experience, understanding literary proportions; and so there is, in absolute truth, not a dull page in his volume. He is a defender of Frémont; and his theory in explanation of Frémont's actions in California at the time of the annexation is more than plausible, almost convincing. Frémont had secret instructions, he holds, which had to be conformed to, but could not be made public. For the rest, he seems ready to admit that, though holding a commission, Frémont, for lack of training, was no real soldier and had no adequate idea of the soldier's subjection to his superiors; though he points out very shrewdly that it would have required more than a mere soldier to determine exactly the question of superiority between a commodore in the navy, first in the field on land, and a brigadier-general making his appearance later. This was the *fons et origo malorum* in Frémont's case.

Another point in favor of Mr. Dellenbaugh is his kindly feeling for the Indians, and his readiness to take up their defence. Admiration for Kit Carson and his fellows does not blind him to the fact that their treatment of the Indians was anything but praiseworthy; though there were worse offenders than they. The California missions enter his narrative only casually; and, though he quotes at length a passage from a Protestant writer, allied with those who compassed their destruction, to the effect that under Fr. Antonio Peyri the neophytes of San Luis Rey were driven to Mass under the lash and had in general a bad time, he remarks that for years after Peyri's banishment the same neophytes put candles and flowers before his picture, praying for his return. Whence one may conclude that he does not accept without question such so-called history. H. W.

Through the Brazilian Wilderness. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

It was Father Zahm who first proposed this Brazilian expedition to Colonel Roosevelt. That was in 1908 when the latter was President. But the big African hunt was then in prospect, so the explorations described in this volume were not begun till last year when Colonel Roosevelt, his son Kermit, Father

Zahm, and five others sailed from New York, and being subsequently joined by Colonel Rondon, a Brazilian army officer, began on December 9, the ascent of the Paraguay River. The reader will follow with eager interest all the adventures the party had from that time until they reached Manaos on the Amazon some five months later, after "putting on the map," the River of Doubt, or the Rio Téodoro, as the natives now call it, the upper course of which was utterly unknown and the lower unfamiliar to geographers till last summer.

The expedition was difficult and dangerous. In the six weeks' passage through the rapids and cataracts of the river five canoes were lost, an oarsman drowned, Kermit Roosevelt narrowly escaped death, one of the party was murdered and its distinguished leader fell sick. Zoologically the author considers the trip a thorough success, for the two naturalists who went along collected more than 2,500 birds, about 500 mammals, and a number of reptiles and fishes. Colonel Roosevelt observed keenly everything that was new to him in the wild regions he traversed, and now gives a vivid narrative of all he saw. He found the heathen Indians of Brazil in some respects more primitive in their habits than are the natives of Africa. His earnest desire, however, to see as many sects as possible working in South America, special mention being made of the "Positivist Church," and the "Ethical Culture Society," will make the judicious grieve. The Colonel's observations on the jaguar and the man-eating piranha are much sounder and more interesting than are his missionary speculations. The volume is full of pictures, of which several had been better omitted from a volume meant for the general reader. W. D.

Belshazzar Court. Village Life in New York. By SIMEON STRUNSKY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

To a vast number of persons, both within and without these United States, Broadway, "The Great White Way," is New York; or, more correctly, New York epitomized. A little moderately early rising ought to be sufficient to convince the most ardent Broadway frequenter that this much-vaunted thoroughfare is a sham, a fraud; a thing of wires and frames, glorious only when night has fallen. Mr. Strunsky does not exactly say this, but he has the art of showing that there are two points of view even about Broadway; and his point of view is decidedly the best, for it is human though not hectic.

There is "Night Life" for instance. Immediately there springs to the mind the underworld of New York and its salacious accompaniments; and Mr. Strunsky's "Night Life" passes it by. His night workers are New York's benefactors, not its parasites, and beyond the glare of the electric light he sees the feeble glow through the church window where Mass is celebrated shortly after midnight for the toilers of the night.

So too, with other aspects of life in New York. The theatre, the street, the ball game; they pass along vividly, and with the joy of living and the tang of vitality that is a special attribute of New York. Mr. Strunsky has caught it all, and imprisoned it in the printed word. Last of all, in the very innermost shrine of "Belshazzar Court" is Harold, an interesting New York school boy, infinitely more interesting because he is the son of his father, who in this little collection of literary sketches has shown, perhaps unconsciously, that the way of the newspaper man leadeth not necessarily to destruction. The dominant note of New York is fulness of life, keenness and intensity, and, in a degree, Mr. Strunsky has written its epic. H. C. W.

Rambles in Catholic Lands. By MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

Readers of the devotional and historical essays of Dom Michael Barrett of the English Benedictines in the *Ave Maria* and *American Catholic Quarterly Review* will welcome from his pen this book written in lighter vein. "Rambles in Catholic Lands" leads the reader from Hamburg, which is Protestant enough, through the Catholic portion of Germany, the Rhineland and the South, through Switzerland, into Austria where the Tyrol, Bohemia and minor western provinces are visited, into Catholic Italy of which, however, but glimpses are given. Not only are Catholic districts alone visited but in other respects, also, the books takes the reader out of the tourists' beaten path. The places visited, pictured and described are in the main not those that form the staple feature of most books of travel. Little but quaint shrines, dear to a simple peasantry, and hoary, old monasteries wherein German piety is busy re-creating ancient monastic ideals, these formed the chief points of quest in what the author calls a "nineteenth century pilgrimage." The style is artless and unambitious but withal interesting, and the illustrations are for the most part novel. The book makes a good holiday gift. J. F. M.

Henri Bergson. A Study in Radical Evolution. By EMIL CARL WILM, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: Sturgis & Walton. $1.25.

This book consists of two parts, one expository; the other, critical. In the first part the author explains certain prominent features of Bergson's philosophy in language which, he trusts, will convey definite meaning to his readers. That his hope will be realized to its full extent, is not apparent. The style is too discursive for a work of this kind; as a consequence, every reader well acquainted with the French savant's philosophy will find it difficult to gather up the threads of thought in a satisfactory manner. The second part of the volume is more enlightening. The fundamental defect in the philosophy of change is laid bare, and there are some wise words on the problem of death. Here again, however, there is an absence of vigor, both in thought and language. Throughout the discussions occur many doctrines against which the orthodox can register just objection. Like many others whose knowledge of scholasticism is not only limited but inaccurate, the writer seems to think that because the schoolmen manipulate concepts according to the formal rules of logic, the ideas can not be adapted to the realities to which they refer. This is amusing enough to furnish an occasion for a smile on the part of scholastics, and false enough to cause wonder that a doctor of philosophy and law did not acquaint himself with facts before venturing an opinion. R. H. T.

Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. By MRS. HUGH FRAZER and HUGH C. FRAZER.. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

It is a surprise to find the author of "A Diplomatist's Wife" and "Reminiscences" of the same, describing many continuous years of the most primitive pioneering in "the only bit remaining of the Far West," far removed from the seats of diplomacy; but no reader of her books will be surprised that she does it well. It is a "neck of the woods" on the Methow in the State of Washington but quite a "man-sized" place that includes a number of mannish and womanly women of all sizes. It is also, of course, "God's Own Country." The title has been assigned to some twenty-hundred other places, and correctly in every case, but Mrs. Fraser and the youngest of her seven sons have the art of making it seem so. The people, however, judging by their rather sulphuric language, which is too freely transcribed, would appear to belong to quite another place. It is Mrs. Fraser, we presume, who presents us with the heavenly citizens and it is her son, who was an army officer, that is responsible for those who "darn without needles." The mixture is true to life and well proportioned, and so seasoned with comedy and pathos and a varied assortment of unexpected novelties of all kinds in characters and incidents that it only differs from an enthralling novel in that it is true. It has its heroes and heroines

and villains, who enjoyed promiscuously "the simply dignity of real democracy" and from whom "the milk of human kindness was never skimmed." As in her other works the author never forgets her Catholicity. The last chapter but one is entitled "Wedding Bells," for which a Catholic church was specially erected, and the last is appropriately "God's Country." There are several good illustrations among the 400 pages, but the best are in the text. M. K.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mary Adelaide Garnett's "Children of the Kingdom" (Devin-Adair, $1.00) is a collection of nearly fifty sketches of saints' lives for little boys and girls. The author, who has been successful in interesting hundreds of listeners in these stories, has experienced that when her young friends "Learn that boys and girls of real flesh and blood, with the real joys and sorrows of children, lived lives of heroism for Christ and were willing to face death for His sake, there comes into their own souls an almost unconscious increase of loyalty, honor, fearless love and simple faith." Miss Garnett has found a surprisingly large number of youthful saints to tell about and has filled her book with appropriate pictures.

A most sumptuous Christmas book for children is Janet MacDonald Clark's "Legends of King Arthur and His Knights" (Dutton, $2.50), which W. H. Margelson, R. I., has illustrated with many excellent pictures, both in color and in black and white. Those who receive as a present so beautiful a book should be taught to treat it kindly. "A Basket of Plums" (Dutton, $0.50) is an attractive little volume with amusing pictures by Lawson Wood and funny verses by Richard Waylett. Children ought to enjoy this book almost as much as they will "Pinocchio" (Dutton, $0.50), a translation of Carlo Lorenzini's story of a puppet. The illustrations are delicious. "The Early Life of Mr. Man" (Houghton, $2.00), however, as told and pictured by E. Boyd Smith, can not be recommended either to children or their elders, for many of the illustrations are only fit for a "Sunday supplement" and the text is a shallow and flippant inculcation of evolutionary theories.

When Mgr. Benson was attacked by the malady from which he died he had in his hands the last proofs of "Vexilla Regis" (Longmans, $0.50) which is described as "A Book of Devotions and Intercessions on behalf of all our Authorities, our Soldiers and Sailors, our Allies, the Mourners and Destitute and all Affected by the War." Under such intentions as "a happy and just issue," "the dead," "sinners and our enemies," etc., are arranged appropriate Psalms, collects and Scripture readings for each day of the week. As the compiler of course had English Catholics chiefly in mind, victory for the Allies is his constant petition. In the book there are many well-worded prayers of Mgr. Benson's own making. France, Belgium, Russia and the Slavonic people are remembered but there is no prayer down for Japan. Almost all the matter in "Vexilla Regis," however, is calculated to assist the devotion not only of the "pro's" of either side, but even that of aggressive neutrals.

There is said to be on exhibition in a certain Berlin shop 267 varieties of photographs of the Kaiser. He has been having his picture taken, it would seem, from the time he was a few hours old until ten minutes ago, and can be seen dressed in almost every kind of uniform there is. Asa Don Dickinson, the editor of "The Kaiser" (Doubleday, $2,00), a book "about the most interesting man in Europe," has gathered together a large proportion of those numerous photographs, and to accompany the pictures has prepared thirteen chapters on "The Kaiser as a Man," "The Kaiser and His Army," "The Kaiser and German Culture," etc. It is a volume that for obvious reasons has been hastily prepared, and is meant to please those whose sympathies are not with the German Emperor.

Twelve stories make up "The Copy Cat," (Harper, $1.25) Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman's latest book. Half the contents of the volume are delightfully told tales of childhood and all are very original. The author's characters are so real that they seem to be portraits of one's acquaintances and her pages are rich in humor and pathos. In this world there is many a "Dear Annie" devoting herself ungrudgingly to the bringing up of her motherless sisters and brothers. This Annie's rebellion is delicious. "Johnny in the Woods," a juvenile Robin Hood, who occupies himself with finding homes for vagrant cats, is another amiable character. A spirit of kindliness pervades the book, and though one or two episodes are rather improbable, all the climaxes are well worked up.

"Within My Parish" (The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, $0.60) is the title of some "Notes from the Day Book of a Deceased Parish Priest" which James Loomis, M.D., has capably edited. The little volume's fifteen papers appeared during the past year in the *Ecclesiastical Review* and are kindly, discerning descriptions of typical characters in a small town, say, of New England. The numerous anecdotes about the shepherd's relations with his flock and with those not of his fold show what a saintly and amiable priest he was. "Within the Parish" is the "year-book" the *Ecclesiastical* gives its subscribers this Christmas.

"And So They were Married" (Scribner's, $1.25) is a comedy, so-called, that Jesse Lynch Williams writes about the "new woman," though the flippant, shallow way he handles the theme is anything but comical. Every feministic argument for "emancipation" is, of course, urged repeatedly, but the old-fashioned folk in the play are too stupid to make the obvious objections. The two leading characters are smug "soul-mates" who really have no intention of being married, though they are tricked into going through a sort of ceremony. "And So They Were Not Married" would perhaps be a better title for this inexcusable play.

"What Think You of Christ?" (Benziger, $0.35), by Francis H. E. Cahusac, M.A., is an answer to a leading difficulty urged against us at the present day. The Christ of the Church, men say, is not the Christ of the Gospels. Such is the contention of Socialism no less than of Higher Criticism. The author simply and convincingly refutes this objection. His arguments only incidentally bear upon the positive establishment of the truths of the Catholic religion, but often cast a clear light upon doctrinal points or ritual practices of the Church. The book should help decidedly to dispose Protestant readers favorably toward the true Faith, while it will equally serve to instruct Catholics for their apostolic mission of enlightening their neighbor. Here and there the author sacrifices clearness to brevity. For instance, the last two paragraphs on page twenty should be expanded. As they stand they are open to misapprehension. So too is the sentence about the tribunal of penance on page thirty.

Mr. Joyce Kilmer, whose "Trees," a volume of poems, was recently reviewed in AMERICA has contributed to the December *Queen's Work* an excellent paper on "The Catholic Young Man in Literature." In his concluding paragraph he observes:

> The Catholic faith never was anything to a writer but a source of power. The last great poet to die was a Catholic man, the greatest living poet is a Catholic woman. Of late

years it is true that the devil has had great vogue on the stage and in novels. But really, he is a poor entertainer. He can not hold his audience long. The world is tired of literature brilliant only with the luster of decay. It wants literature that is true, and natural, and wholesome; it wants literature that expresses faithfully and artistically the Catholic attitude toward life. The young men who elect to try to express that attitude have before them years of onerous but delightful labor. There are professions less exacting than literature; there are professions more remunerative; there are none more honorable. And the Catholic who has devoted his life to the effort to express beautifully ideas that are beautiful has at last the satisfaction of knowing that his work has been done for no selfish and ignoble cause. For literature is a branch of art and art, we know, is on the side of the angels.

In answer to a request for particulars about himself, Mr. Kilmer wrote not long ago: "I live in the Ramapo Hills, in Jersey, and don't mind commuting. I have a wife and two children, am twenty-seven years old, am catholic in my tastes and Catholic in religion, am socially a democrat and politically a Democrat." The author of "Trees" is a special writer on the New York *Times* and the *Literary Digest*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Apostleship of Prayer, New York:
On the Hills with Our Lord: Reflections for the Holy Hour. By Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J. $0.50.

Edward P. Buffet, Jersey City, N. J.:
The Layman Revato. By Edward P. Buffet.

Devin-Adair Co., New York:
Children of the Kingdom. By Mary Adelaide Garnett. $1.00.

George H. Doran Co., New York:
A Scrap of Paper: The Inner History of German Diplomacy. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. $1.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:
The Awakening. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Ruth Helen Davis. $1.35; Swollen-Headed William. Adapted by E. V. Lucas. $0.50; Builder and Blunderer. By George Saunders. $1.00.

Graphic Text Book Co., New York:
Historical Chart of European History. $0.50.

Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.:
The Life of Saint Severinus by Eugippus. Translated by George W. Robinson. $2.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
Spiritual Instructions for Religious. By Charles Coppens, S.J. $1.35.

Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia:
Josephus. By Norman Bentwich.

Macmillan Co., New York:
The Living Touch. By Dorothy Kerin. $1.00; Lucas' Annual. Edited by E. V. Lucas. $0.75; The Present Hour. By Percy Mackaye. $1.25.

F. Pustet & Co., New York:
The Parables of the Gospel. By Leopold Fonck, S.J. $3.50.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
Hernando de Soto. By Walter Malone. $3.00.

Rosary Press, New York:
Songs, Sonnets and Essays. By Rev. D. O. Crowley, LL.D.

Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Ia.:
The Builders: A Story and Study of Masonry. By John Fort Newton. $1.25.

EDUCATION

Immoral Morals

THERE is a widespread opinion that morality is not taught in the public schools. Not long ago, a Jewish rabbi in a western city expressed this opinion publicly. But he was mistaken, and for his mistake was taken to task by the superintendent of schools, who said:

> I agree with him upon the importance of moral education. I do not agree with him, however, that no attention is being given the subject in our schools. Morality can not be taught in a formal fashion. The difficulty of teaching it as an independent subject is so great that we do not deem it wise to teach it in a dogmatic fashion. On the contrary, the whole tendency of the school organization is in the direction of moral training *without making it a conscious subject.* (Italics ours). It has become a matter for indirect teaching. . . . Every teacher is taking advantage of the work in the classroom, the recreation on the playground, and in every other direction to bring home some moral lesson.

This is interesting. It would be interesting even if it referred to one locality only. It becomes more interesting in face of the fact that it is a movement which is extending by degrees to many localities.

A DEMONSTRATOR OF MORALS

Mr. F. J. Gould, official demonstrator and lecturer for the Moral Education League, has recently been in our midst. This gentleman is largely responsible for the quality of moral instruction which is growing in favor, with those in charge of the public schools. A "Syllabus of Moral Civic Instruction," by F. J. Gould and F. C. Sharp, "is the outcome of the visit of Mr. Gould to the United States in the school year, 1913-14." This syllabus was issued to the teachers by the Superintendent above quoted, apparently a few days *after* the reply to the rabbi. This may be a circumstance worth remarking.

The superintendent does not favor the dogmatic teaching of religion. It is to be instilled without making it "a conscious subject." If this means, as it seems to mean with certain teachers, that the why and wherefore of moral action are not to be taught, the matter might be dropped at once. With immorality so widespread, and considered by many as a right rule of conduct, at least in some of its phases, our boys and girls will never act against this rule, unless they are taught the reason why. It is not asserted, however, that this is the method of instruction upheld by Messrs. Gould and Sharp. But it does seem to be the idea of the superintendent. It may be that the superintendent had not himself examined the Syllabus which he commended to his teachers, for we find the following statement on page 5:

> The following Syllabus is framed on the supposition that at least once a week in each class, and perhaps oftener, systematic lessons on the conduct of life are given by the regular class teacher, or by the principal, or some one acting in a similar capacity.

This does not sound like an instruction for the teaching of something that is not to be a "conscious subject." In fact, the authors themselves call for some sort of "conscious treatment," although they do not wish the subject to be presented with the dryness of abstract principle. Their method, they tell us in the "Syllabus," "is in the main, that of story telling." This method presents its difficulties. In the fullest and most exact sense of the term, immorality comprises all the vices, but by the usage of the English language, it generally connotes one particular vice. Are the children to be kept from this vice by the "story method." We are barring the "story method" of teaching purity, from our libraries and from our theatres. Will we admit it in our schools? It is not clear, after an examination of the "Syllabus" and Mr. Gould's book on moral instruction, that the authors believe that purity can be taught by the method of telling stories about it. But Messrs. Gould and Sharp are prepared to supply the needed instruction.

HONORABLE MURDER

Sex hygiene? To be sure. True, you must exclude from the "movies," murders, train-robberies, and, of course, the fleshly, because to see these pictures suggests evil to our youngsters. But you can pour all the rot you want into their ears, and not be suggestive. That is, you can not suggest to the eye, but you can suggest to the ear. Under what sky, and for what sort of people, was the psychology forged which justifies this principle? One need not appeal to the Scriptures for proof to substantiate his statement, that our young peo-

ple learn much that is evil from the words and suggestions of bad companions. It is not asserted that persons who teach this subject are bad companions. But they may be unwittingly suggestive; and often are. A young man fresh from a college where this stuff is propounded under the name of "social science" remarked a short time since that, in his opinion, this instruction is calculated to stir rather than to lay passion. Why waste words in attacking the theory, that a knowledge whose primary effect is to gratify an unworthy curiosity, is a force leading to right living?

We differ from Mr. Gould and his associates when they call this "moral instruction." The proper term is "immoral." The same term must be applied to other parts of Mr. Gould's teaching. On page 145 of his "Moral Instruction," he excuses a murderer, because this person had taken an oath to do the deed. In fulfilling his oath, "he had displayed the fine qualities of truth and honor," although "he had slain a man and that was wrong." This, we believe, is the ethical code of the New York gunman. The child may not be deeply logical, but it is likely that such logic as he has, will lead him to derive from Mr. Gould's teaching, the morality of the suicide pact, the feud murder, and the unwritten law.

CONSTRICTED RELIGION

As far as we can understand him, Mr. Gould holds that no one ought to embrace a creed until he has arrived at manhood. A creed and a religion are an expression of God's sovereignty. The first twenty-one years of life belong to God quite as much as the next twenty-one. This is a common belief among Christians. It is also the teaching of the Catholic Church. God has larger rights than Mr. Gould dares assert. Our duties include obligations to God, our neighbor, to ourselves. In this new moral teaching, God is left out of the count. In his "Moral Instruction," page 1, we find the following declaration:

> Moral education is such a training in the service of the larger life as involves personal hygiene, self-development and character-building. It may be well to meet at once a question which would otherwise shadow our steps through the whole of this inquiry; that is to say, the question as to how far the teacher and the child must attach the idea of right conduct to the idea of duty toward God. Since my object is to afford practical aid to teachers, no matter whether they regard the Will of God, or the Welfare of Humanity, or the Ethical Ideal as the ultimate sanction, I have defined moral education in terms which may harmonize the views of these three schools of thought.

Mr. Gould leaves us in doubt as to where he puts God. He puts Him out. A great many colleges in this country graduate young men who are not physicans. For this no blame is attached to these institutions. We do not expect them to teach everything. They are not medical schools, but for this they are not criminal. But if a school which confers the degree of Doctor of Medicine, omits from its curriculum a branch of study not only important, but fundamental, the case is altered. That school is not non-medical or unmedical. It is criminal. If our public schools make no pretense at instruction in morality, we shall not blame them for omitting what is supposed to be outside their scope. But if they set themselves up to teach morality, and teach in accordance with the ideals of Messrs. Gould and Sharp, we shall promptly condemn them, not as non-moral or unmoral but as immoral, or if the word be preferred criminal. If to eliminate God from the life of a child is not immoral, criminal, words have lost their meaning.

THE GOOD MESSRS. GOULD AND SHARP

We do not look upon Messrs. Gould and Sharp as men of vicious intentions. Far from it. They seem to be men with the best possible intentions. Mr. Gould commends virtue, wherever found. He is very "open-minded," because, apparently, he is a man of no religious convictions, save such as are purely natural. It is likely that he belongs—and the same may be said of Mr. Sharp—to that large class of men who are without faith, but not without kindly hearts, who think that God and dogma are troublesome sources of dissension, and should therefore be neglected in the interests of humanity. These men do not dig the foundations of life deep. Mr. Gould lives among them, and he is digging no deeper than his fellows. Mr. Gould may be excusable, but this is no reason why we should countenance his methods. If there is anything worse than a bad man with bad principles, it is a good man with bad principles. Because he is good, he will be faithful to duty, and to him that duty is the spread of principles which are bad. Mr. Gould has the strength of his convictions. He writes in his "Moral Instruction":

> Does not the value of moral instruction depend in the last resort, upon the personality of the teacher? No doubt in an eminent degree it does, and this important problem will now be examined. . . . Teachers, like children, are educable.

Mr. Gould is set on educating the teachers along his lines and for his purposes. Catholics are not. We have no brief for the Protestant churches, but if they believe that God has any place in life, they too must oppose the bad principles of the good Mr. Gould. We are willing to grant that whatever morality exists in our public schools is largely, if not wholly, due to the good men and women who are better than the system with which they find themselves connected. These teachers put the foundation of morality in those sources which Mr. Gould wishes to neglect entirely, God and religion. Substitute Mr. Gould for the Gospel, and the last factor of moral teaching has been eliminated from our nondescript schools.

The Jewish rabbi said that morality was not taught in the public schools. He thought that these were unmoral. For this he was corrected by the superintendent of schools, and the correction was deserved. The superintendent knew what he was talking about. The rabbi did not. The theories of Messrs. Gould and Sharp were in use, or were about to be, in his schools. Their teaching is not unmoral. Perish the thought! For it is immoral.

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SOCIOLOGY

Not Divine Enough

"TELL them, Floy," said little Dombey, as the golden light came streaming in, "tell them that the print on the stairs at school is not divine enough." All of us have a print, a picture that is not divine enough. Mine hangs in a mansion in the Southland, which in its quiet age, is the kindly home of crippled children whom no one wants, save God. From its frame of dim old gold, it looks down upon you as you ascend the wide, white staircase. You pause at the turn; and from the darkened canvas, an old man smiles at you. In his eyes is the light that illumined the face of the Son of God, on that day when the children left their play and came to Him, and He took them into His arms, one by one, to bless them. For the old man bears in his arms a waif that is fast asleep, and around him press the deserted children of Paris, the brothers and sisters of Him, who for our sake was a poor little child in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. It is beautiful, this picture, but it is not divine enough. It can not show you the heart, so like the Heart of Christ, that beat in the bosom of Vincent de Paul.

THE CATHOLIC MODEL

"Our father Vincent was never happier," writes an old chronicler, "than when God sent him children whom no one

wanted." As a miser counts the golden coins in his strong-box, so did St. Vincent de Paul count the poor and the sick whom he gathered in his journeying through the twisting lanes of the slums of Paris. In men who seemed scarcely human, his eyes could discern the image of God. To him, there were no lost ones. All human souls were gold. In the crucible of God's love, the Divine Craftsman could in a moment bring back all the pristine delicate beauty, marred and dimmed by years of sordid and rebellious wretchedness. Vincent did not wait for them to come to him. He went out into the desert to seek them, and the kindly human heart which he showed to these poor outcasts, made it easy for them to believe in the infinite love which he preached. He drew them gently by the cords of Adam back to the Heart of Christ. In the light of the love that radiated from him, eyes long blind, saw God. "If he is so good," they said, "what must the good God be!" To minister to their temporal wants, the pitying Saint worked miracles. He worked miracles that were greater, in re-creating broken men and lost women. Hope, purity, faith, long dormant in their desparing hearts, sprang up at his words. The offscouring of Parisian dens found that they had souls which God loved.

THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION

Virtue went forth from Vincent, for he gave himself without stint. He had a philosophy deeper than that spun by your fireside philanthropist. He knew man's needs, man's weakness, the moral victories of which he is capable. He knew that "social redemption" could never be wrought, if the revivifying spirit of religion were excluded from the units composing the social body. Christ, the God-Man who had compassion on the multitude, was his model. He studied the Heart so singularly sympathetic with every form of human woe. He saw Him weep over the city, and the people who would not do penance for sin. He watched Him, as the hands that were God's, lifted up the lowly and served them; he contemplated Him, who when He was rejected by his people, chose a shameful death, that they might have life. From his model, Vincent learned that the personal service which grows out of love for Christ's suffering brethren, and brings them and us back to God, the Father of us all, is the price that must be paid for social redemption.

We shall not be wise if we neglect any reasonable means of betterment, suggested by the practical needs of the misery we seek to alleviate. In social work, let us use all the inspiration which the Egyptian learning of twentieth-century sociology can lend us. Then, as the basis of our social work, let us adopt with Vincent de Paul, the principles of Christ: personal service, love of all men as children of God, and personal holiness. These three; and the greatest of them is the last.

THE CHARNEL HOUSE

But that's not sociology, you say. That's dogma, religion, emotion, superstition. So much the worse for your sociology. It has the smell of fire on it. It is not divine enough. If it sedulously omits God, it is not divine at all, but diabolical, and ultimately leads back to the fiery furnace in which it was first forged. You can not bind up bleeding hearts, except God direct your hand. You can not go into the souls of human beings whose world is broken, to reconstruct their wrecked destiny, if you do not know, or do not care, what man's proper goal is in life, and hereafter. You can not pass with safety through the reek and carrion of rotten souls, and bring them back with you from the charnel house into the sunlight of purity, unless the cleansing flame of God's love is burning brightly in your heart. And these are the tasks which are involved in the work of "social redemption." Only saints like Vincent de Paul can undertake them with complete success. Only those can bear them with profit to themselves and others, whose methods are the methods of Christ and His saints.

UNHALLOWED FIELDS

Sociology, not yet a science, is already trespassing upon fields fraught with peril. Its exponents prate much of "preventive measures" and "the rehabilitation of the family" as though these means of redemption were not trite and axiomatic in the century-old social work of the Catholic Church. Untrained in philosophy, submitting to no guide, it has in many communities been suffered to employ means of alleged social reform, which entrench upon the rights not only of the Church, but of the family and the individual. Serious complications may arise in the investigation and attempted settlement of matrimonial entanglements. Trained as he is in the details of theology and canon law, and endowed, perhaps, with no small insight into the secrets of the human heart, every priest knows the difficulties inherent in this work, which is now being turned over to "trained social workers." There is no guarantee that these "trained social workers," may not be callow youths and immature women, fresh from some school of professional philanthropy, and selected because of their blind adherence to the fads and hobbies of some Social Director. Catholics are far from admitting that the certificate of any non-Catholic professional school in this country is enough to place the methods of the social worker above suspicion. There is even less of a guarantee, when as has happened, the ordinary means of appointing public officials are passed over, and the selection is left entirely to the Social Director. Men who propose to alleviate physical ills, must prove their fitness before examiners appointed by the State and responsible to the State. But as matters now stand, the souls and bodies of unfortunate men, women and children, may be subjected to the malpractice of any social crank whose credentials are an appointment by a like-minded city official, or the certificate of a school of professional philanthropy, which may and very probably does, teach that man has no soul which differentiates him essentially from the beast.

THE FRUITS OF DARKNESS

The result of all this has been that, in certain cases, social workers have urged divorced women, and women whose matrimonial status could not be satisfactorily ascertained, to remarry for the purpose of legalizing illegal relations, or of securing a petty financial independence. Weak-kneed Catholics have been prevailed upon to appear before non-Catholic clergymen and public officials, for the celebration of a marriage whose validity, as all the parties concerned might have known, was not recognized by the Catholic Church. This small and unimportant Church, counting only some three hundred and fifty million adherents in every part of the world, condemns these practices, but this fact is of no importance to your "specially trained social worker," approved by the hoary and unlimited wisdom of a school of professional philanthropy, dating back, possibly, to 1890. There is no reason why he should not adopt these courses. It is another case endorsed "settled" in the report sent in to the Director. Tie an antiseptic rag about the wound, and bid the patient be off about his business. "What a fine boy am I," remarks little Jack Horner, as he pulls out the plums. "What a fine man am I," chants your Social Director, as he tabulates his rag-cured patients in the nicely-printed report, submitted to the gullible public.

There is no need to lay stress on the statement made by a critic of a Social Service Commission, that a zealous "specially trained social worker," nearly succeeded in forcing an unfortunate "down and outer" to commit bigamy. "Efficiency" must be efficient, or positions and salaries go glimmering. The philosophy of materialism, as well as the outspoken declarations of prominent modern sociologists, can, and does find a ready justification for practices, which to clean-minded men of all religions, are horrible beyond description.

We have succeeded fairly well in putting God out of our schools. The next step is to eliminate all mention of Him from our public charities, or to treat Him with an easy tolerance which we would not employ, say in our dealings with the Director of a School of Professional Philanthropy. "God, God, God!" cried out poor dying Falstaff, babbling the while of green fields and the dirty pages of his book of life. "Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." Had she been a modern professional social worker, "Quickly, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess," could not have hit upon a better description of professional sociology's attitude toward God, when God conflicts with its pagan principles.

SUGGESTED IMMEDIATE ACTION

This is a matter which is intensely practical. The snake will creep into your town soon, if you do not take means, not to scotch, but kill him. Two killing measures are suggested. The first is this: Hold no public or private social commission above suspicion, until it has proved that its aims and methods are such as can be tolerated in a Christian community. Then keep a careful eye upon it, to see that it does not deflect from its high purposes. This can not be done by one individual. The Committee on Watch and Guard must have the loyal support of the Catholic community, represented by the parish societies, the various fraternal organizations, and the American Federation. Catholic representatives should be at the disposal of the Juvenile Courts, the Courts of Domestic Relations, and the child-placing agencies. While their attitude must be that of ready cooperation, they will do well to remember that the days of proselytism by soup, are not the days of the irrevocable past.

The second measure is at least equally necessary. Take an active, personal interest in all the charitable works of your city and parish. Instead of criticising your institutions, suppose you visit them from time to time, in a spirit of friendly interest and help. Give your time as well as your money. Every Catholic man should be a member of the St. Vincent de Paul, and the local Catholic welfare societies. Let your pastor know that he can call upon you to help him in his work among the poor and afflicted. If we do not take care of our own, the devil and his agents, unwitting agents, perhaps, will. We Catholics do not look upon the submerged tenth, in our ranks or out of them, as the raw material for psychopathic laboratories, or as patients for the clinics of the godless school of sociology. We have no place in our cosmos for such philanthropy. It is not divine enough.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A good example of what Catholics are doing in social work for boys is given by the Ozanam Association of New York. The association was organized in a very modest way in 1908, and since its foundation has spent more than sixty-five thousand dollars in maintaining clubs for boys, in those sections of the city where they are much needed. The real Catholic tone of the association is indicated by the fact that the association has few honorary members. All are asked to show their active interest, by visiting the clubs and getting in personal touch with the boys, many of whom need just that help, which can be given only by personal sympathy and encouragement. Six of these clubs are now in operation.

The editor of the *Lamp* did not think it necessary to state that in regard to the war, his magazine was neutral. But to his amazement, he finds that he has been accused by his German readers of being pro-British, by his English readers of being pro-German. Father Paul, with AMERICA, is suffering in the good company of those who think it but fair to reproduce, as far as possible, the arguments of all parties engaged in the war:

> Every week we read the summary of the war-news printed in the columns of the able Jesuit weekly, AMERICA, and we are filled with amazement at the impartial exactness with which they give the facts as summarized from the press dispatches.

The excellent virtue of patriotism sometimes leads to strange blindness. A gentleman in the Far West has recently been forwarding to AMERICA, what he describes as "documents bearing upon the war, which are absolutely impartial." The documents in question, are newspapers, reviews and pamphlets, written and edited by citizens of one of the countries engaged in the war.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Bulletin* who, apparently, is not a Catholic, speaks most sympathetically of the work which is done in war-stricken France by the curés and the Sisters, who "have braved the penalties of draconian laws" by returning to their native land for work in the hospitals. The priests, he writes, have made themselves the ministering angels of soothing and comfort to the afflicted, "not only in churchly avocations, but in stout aid and sustenance in the actual wants of life."

> Though proscribed by law the Sisters have resumed the offices that from time immemorial have made them mothers to the motherless, as well as angels of devotion in the hospitals. Wherever the wounded are gathered there the Sisters are unobtrusively the mainstay of the surgeons; half the peasants hear from their sons and kin through the unflagging endeavors of the Sisters, barely tolerated by the laws of the land. For that matter they are not legally tolerated, these women who are saving all that is susceptible of cure in every square mile of the battle line, as well as in the hospitals. But for all this, hateful voices have been raised against allowing these gentle spirits to impart the symbols of the faith to the wounded in extremities.

In this regard it may be noted that the members of a nursing society whose works of charity Catholics would be the last to depreciate, have adopted the hallowed title "Sister." The religious women of the Catholic Church long ago won their right to the consecrated name, and it does not seem fitting that it should be shared with others.

The Minnesota minimum wage law, mentioned in this column a few weeks ago, has been declared unconstitutional. By order of the State Circuit Court, the commission appointed to fix upon a minimum wage, has ceased its labors. The court held the law unconstitutional, first because it delegated the legislative power to a commission, and next, because it violated the right of the individual to contract. In California, the District Court of Appeals, sitting at San Francisco, has pronounced unconstitutional a legislative act of 1911, under the terms of which the withholding of wages due was a misdemeanor. In this instance, the court based its action on the ground that the enforcement of the law would result in imprisonment for debt. Briefs in the case of the Oregon minimum wage law have been recently filed in the Supreme Court of the United States. Those who attack the constitutionality of the law, allege that such legislation is not within the power of a State, that it is unsupported by public opinion, that it would be the destruction of business, and that it would increase the cost of living. All this forensic strife proves the difficulty of passing a court-proof wage law, and indicates the greater difficulty which would attend its impartial enforcement. These decisions, however, may help to form such legislation as may safeguard the rights of the worker, without infringing upon the equally indubitable rights of the employer.